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THE STORY OF OUR FORBEARS

By

REBECCA PERLEY REED



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For

ANNA NELSON, WILLIAM DENNIS and KATHARINE FESSENDEN REED,
WINTHROP FESSENDEN and ALICE SUMNER BUTLER,
CONSTANCE PERLEY, MARY CLEMENT and MARGARET GUILD WILDER,
ANNA PERLEY, PHILIP DUNHAM and WILLIAM PAGE REED,
the Grandchildren and Great-grandchildren

of

My Father and Mother,
these Chronicles have been written.

R. P. R.

TO MY DEAR CLAN: An old gentleman, much interested in genealogy, once said to me, that people, as a rule, were very ignorant concerning their ancestors.

"It is uncommon," he remarked, "to find a man who knows much about his forbears *back* of his grandfather!"

This statement surprised me, but when I considered the matter in its personal application I discovered to my mortification that the first name of my great-grandfather Page was a little uncertain in my own memory, and I could no longer take exception to the good man's declaration.

However, I am *not* quite ignorant concerning my remote ancestors, as I trust the following pages will show, and that you, the dear descendants of my father and mother, may know somewhat of these lives which, for the most part, have faded into the mist of the Past, I have gathered these fragments of their history and environment into the most informal of sketches for your reading. It was with my niece Constance, that the thought of this Chronicle originated. From her, came the request that I write it for those who would otherwise remain ignorant of many incidents in the history of their forbears. While I thought of the matter, "the fire burned" and incidents long unthought of, came to me as the days passed, until this story of the olden time was written. Naturally, that portion of the family history transpiring *after* the marriage of your grandfather and grandmother, occupies the larger portion of the book, because of my greater knowledge of these later years, and also because of *your* greater interest in them.

One fact speedily impresses him who starts upon the quest of his ancestors. Their number is legion! Nothing short of geometric ratio expresses the rapidity of their increase. As the maze of genealogy is threaded *backward*, he is overwhelmed with the array.

The oriental salutation, "May your tribe increase!" finds its retrospective, if not its prospective fulfillment, even before his retreating feet pause with his last *known* ancestor.

My greatest regret in writing these sketches, is that before my father's and mother's generation passed away I had not set myself to the gathering of this material into more definite shape, so that many items now forgotten would have been ready for my use to-day. But these, like many other opportunities neglected in their passing, cannot be recalled, so I must make the best of all that I remember of the family stories and happenings and traditions, as they have gathered in my memory, all the way down the years since my childhood.

THE STORY OF OUR FORBEARS

I.

THE PAGES AND BRADBURYS

My great-grandfather, David Page, was one of the seven men who settled in Fryeburg when that region was a wilderness. He located upon "the other side of the river," from the "old Hill" (where later his son Robert dwelt), thinking this part of the town more likely to prove the center of its business. Great-grandsire David built here the only large house in the settlement and gave up to the public one room, which was used as a court-room where he, the magistrate of the community, presided, trying all cases brought for his judgment. Grandfather Robert's only sister Susan's daughter (Mrs. Cummings) described to *her* daughter the delights of the "fore-room" in this same house, saying that it was the greatest treat that could be given the grandchildren to be allowed to simply *look* into this apartment. "Of course," she added, "they could not *step* in, as the floor was sanded and drawn in beautiful patterns. The walls were covered with paper, brought from Concord, Mass., which was adorned with pillars and pictures of angels. In one corner was a closet with glass doors, containing the plate. Altogether an interesting apartment to the urchins of that far-off day, we can believe this "fore-room" to have been.

Great-grandfather David, I imagine, had his share of grim humor, as the following anecdotes bear witness:

A letter was brought to him one day for his deciphering. He looked it over, and handing it back, remarked: "The Devil himself couldn't read that writing!"

Upon being assured that *he himself* had written the document, he read the letter without any hesitancy, and declared "It as plain as day!" He carried the weight of his legal matters wherever he went, if we may judge, for one day in the "meeting-house" a case then pending, so occupied his mind that he became oblivious to his surroundings, and imagining himself listening to evidence in court, suddenly shouted in stentorian tones, to the astonishment of minister and congregation, "It's a cursed lie!"

But my great-grandsire entered into the public defense in deed as well as word. I quote from the Maine Historical Magazine: "Four of these men" (of the seven original settlers of Fryeburg, for a long time called "Seven Lots") "Samuel Osgood, Nathaniel Merrill, John Evans and *David Page*, had been soldiers in the French war, where Page was wounded in the leg. David Page was a man of great intelligence, and withal peculiar and original. He was a magistrate for many years, and had no hesitation in giving his views relating to law and its practice. His opinions were always based on what he thought *right*, without any regard to what might be *law*. Judah Dana, Jacob McGaw and Samuel A. Bradley, with others eminent in the profession, practiced in his courts, and they had to abide by his decisions, whether or no, unless an appeal was taken." He married first, Betsey Eastman, and second, Ruth, daughter of Isaac Eastman, who is said to have been a woman of great strength of character and indomitable resolution.

One thing seems evident concerning great-grandfather David, that his somewhat arbitrary decisions in matters legal differed from many of this twentieth century, in that they were made upon the basis of *Righteousness* as he conceived it, and not with intent of personal gain! His second wife, Ruth, was our ancestress. The children of his two marriages numbered eleven. Great-grandfather Bradbury's name was Jacob, and he lived in Limerick, Maine. Great-grandmother Bradbury's maiden name was Abigail Cole.

My grandfather, Robert Page, was one of the eleven before mentioned children of David Page; of their children, my father's cousins, I remember several.

"Uncle Page," as I always called him, lived in Malden, Mass. He was your grandfather Page's favorite cousin, "Philip." They grew up together in old Fryeburg, and I think were almost as brothers, in their affection for each other.

Of the goodness of Uncle and Auntie Page to me and mine I shall always bear grateful record. Years ago they left their hospitable home for the "house of many mansions." Two of their children, Valeria and Albert, still dwell in the old home. Daniel and Mary, his wife, live in their pleasant house not far away. Five children "rise up and call them blessed."

After long and weary years of invalidism, Mary, (Mrs. Shapleigh), Uncle and Auntie Page's eldest daughter, laid aside her worn mortality to join her husband, several years before departed. Their one daughter (Mrs. Heathfield) survives them.

Near by Uncle Page's, across the wide lawn, Cousin Hannah (Mrs. Samuel Dexter) lives under the splendid old elms (one of which saw General Washington draw rein beneath it), and her son and daughter also live in Malden.

Uncle Page's brother, "Captain Jack Page," was shot to his death in the Mexican war in the battle of Palo Alto, by a cannon ball, which removed his lower jaw. He survived this fearful experience but a few days. His eldest son, General Henry Page, for many years an officer in the United States Army, was stationed with his family in the far West. He now lives in Thomas, Kentucky, having been retired from service, last July. William R., is a successful lawyer in Chicago, and has a wife, two children and grandchild. Annie, Captain Jack's only daughter, is still living at the East with a cousin, Julia Mathews. Three sisters of Uncle Page, "Aunt Martha" Quimby, a widow, "Aunt Sophy," whose husband, Russell Page, outlived her, and "Aunt Mary," a sweet, gentle, refined old lady, who never married, dwelt in the same house on the long, shady village street in beautiful old Fryeburg, where "Aunt Sophy's" daughter, Cousin Abby Page, lives to-day with her brother John. These cousins of my father's, with Mrs. "Nabby" Cummings, I remember as old ladies. The latter's only daughter, Mrs. Abby North Brown, is still living in Bridgewater, Mass., with her grandnephew, Dr. Shirley.

With one other cousin of your grandpa's I also feel acquainted, although I never saw her. This was his favorite and "double cousin," Ruth, a sister of Mrs. Cummings, who became Mrs. Jeremiah O'Brien, of Brunswick, Maine, where she died. Her only surviving daughter and child married Mr. Edward Jackson, one of the old and well-known Jackson family of Newton, Mass., her later home being in St. Louis or vicinity. Her childhood, after her mother's death, was spent with her father's friends, so that circumstances and distance removed her completely from the knowledge of her Page relatives. We did not know even that she was still living. I have heard my father say many

times, "I do wish I knew what had become of Ruth Bradbury's little girl!" And in this strange way did we become acquainted with this dear cousin.

When your grandma Page went to Heaven, "Cousin Nannie" saw in the "Congregationalist," a notice of her departure, in Milwaukee, Wis. Notwithstanding the unfamiliar locality, your grandfather's name caught her eye: "Wife of Horatio N. Page, of Chelsea, Mass." The name she remembered as that of her mother's cousin, and she immediately wrote to your grandpa to ask if he were indeed of her kin.

The "find" proved a happy one for us all, and the incident was a "happening," like those we read of, which we sometimes pronounce unnatural. Cousin Nannie's husband died several years ago, and of the daughter and son surviving him, only the latter remains with her in St. Louis. Cousin Annette, who went to Heaven six years ago, in her going darkened the light of life for her mother, and left sorrowful the friends and kindred who knew and loved her.

My father being the youngest of his father's house, and my mother the eldest of hers, my paternal cousins were older than the maternal, so that I knew fewer of the former. My second cousin, William Haskell, was the son of Father's cousin Miranda (née Bradbury). He lived for many years in Chelsea, Mass., "a good man and a true." His home is now with his sister, Mrs. Asa Hascall.

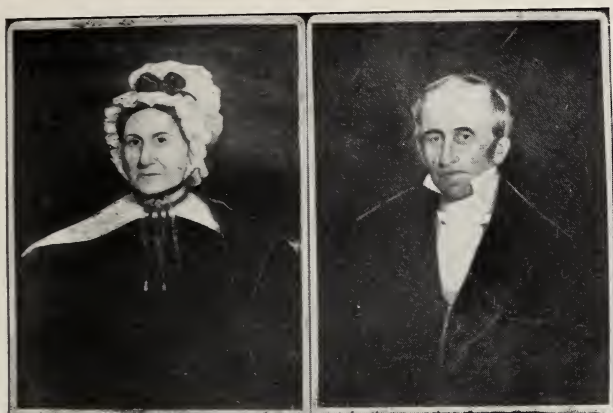
One other second cousin, whose parents I do not remember, is Caleb Page. He sometimes comes to Fryeburg during a summer vacation and renews the associations of the years when he taught in the Academy there. If I remember aright, his father was another Philip Page, of Burlington, Maine. His present home is in Methuen, Mass., and any one familiar with the family features of face and manner would know him to be a member of the Page family.

Grandfather and Grandmother Page departed this life before my father's marriage, both being in failing health for some time before that event. One of my early recollections is the occasional unrolling of two very good oil portraits of these grandparents. These pictures at that time had not been framed, but were kept carefully in some closet and occasionally shown to "us children," or other interested friends.

During the last month of his parents' lives, your grandpa returned to Fryeburg from Brewer, Maine, (where he

had recently settled as a physician), taking with him an artist from Portland, Cole by name. He stopped at Grandfather Robert's while he painted these portraits of himself and Grandma Sarah. They are really remarkably good pictures for that day. I have heard that the artist was quite famous later in his career, and I can so believe.

Never having seen the originals, I cannot personally vouch for their accuracy as likenesses, but the resemblance which my father shows to his father is striking, and the



THE PORTRAITS ON THE STAIRWAY.

strong likeness to my handsome, dark-eyed grandmother which appears in several of her descendants, is circumstantial evidence that the pictures are true to their originals. They look down to-day from my hall stairway upon the living representatives of three generations when at some family gathering my William's and Virginia's little maid and man, Anna and Philip, pass up and down the stairs, under the calm eyes of their great-great-grandparents!

The little that I know of my grandfather Page gives me the impression that he was a dignified, reticent and rather silent man. An invalid during his last years, as was his sweet-natured wife, his word was, nevertheless, law in his household, I am sure.

Many facts point to his having been a prominent man in the "Church and State" affairs of Fryeburg village, which, even in those early days, occupied a somewhat unusual position in Maine, in matters educational and literary.

Academy life dates far back in its history. Daniel Webster was one of its early preceptors, and as time went on the number of college bred men who went forth from its green shades to wider circles of trust and responsibility was uncommon.

My two grandsires (Page and Fessenden) dwelt upon adjoining farms about three miles from "the village." Grandfather Fessenden's acres lay chiefly along the brow of "the old Hill," Grandfather Page's at its foot. Both included sections of the broad-lying intervale meadows, elm-studded and verdant, through which the picturesque river Saco doubled and twisted its clear current in a thirty-mile stretch within the limit of the town.

Grandfather Robert and Grandfather Ebenezer were good friends and fared up and down the long hill to exchange calls, sit together, talk politics, and compare notes upon the doings of the great outside world. Its doings, as reported in their weekly newspaper (which was a luxury in those days) must have brought a wave of excitement to these two farmers who thought for themselves and were as strong in their convictions as are the earnest thinkers of our day concerning the great public questions and movements of the present.

Grandfather Robert must have been a stirring man of affairs. He carried on a thrifty business at tanning as well as farming; held responsible places in town affairs, and, I judge, was considered a man of weight in church and school matters, as all others touching the public weal; a clear-headed man, keen and shrewd, and of strong common sense, of whom his large family of sons and daughters stood somewhat in awe.

Very few letters of his remain. One (written, I judge, when my father was at school in Gardiner or reading medicine with great-uncle Dr. Page in Brunswick) I copy here. It is written apparently during his last illness, which was long and wearing:

FRYEBURG, June 26, 1832.

DEAR NELSON: I should have written you some time since, but have been waiting for a private conveyance. I suppose you must have expected a few dollars in money, and I should have sent you a little, but this day have been called on for money that I thought not of, and it has prevented me at this time to help you. I have enclosed you five dollars, and if you are straitened for the remainder of that you mentioned to me, I can procure it and send it on by mail, but if it is of little consequence to you to put it off until I shall come down, I will endeavor to bring it, which will be a little more convenient. I say "Come down," but I know not whether I shall live, and if I live, whether my health will permit me. Through the goodness of God, we are all enjoying about the same health as when I last wrote. I am still able to attend to my business, and have thought if all should remain as at present, that I may set out the last of August or the first of September. I wish you to write me by the first mail and inform me how matters are.

Yours with esteem,

ROBERT PAGE.

N. B.—I wish you to remember us to the Dr. and wife (presumably great-uncle Jonathan and his wife Abigail—R. P. R.) and inform them that we have been expecting to hear from them long since, but have been disappointed.

I imagine that Grandfather's boys and girls turned always with tenderness to the loving eyes of their invalid mother. She held their hearts close to her own. Her maiden name was Sarah Bradbury.

Your blessed mother, my dear Wilder girls, bore her name. Her family, too, of brothers and sisters was quite large, but they never came into my personal knowledge. Indeed, I do not know that any one of them was living since my remembrance.

I have heard your grandpa Page bear testimony to the lovely spirit of his mother, and her strong religious nature. His memory of her was very tender.

At the foot of the hill, on a little slope running back to the pasture at the rear and north side of the house, stood the Grandfather Page homestead. From its front door, one beheld a picture which might fitly illustrate John Bunyan's

vision of the "Delectable Mountains." Across the road, the field sloped into a velvet meadow, threaded by the Saco. Beyond, rose the regal procession of Rattlesnake, Kearsarge and Chocorua, while still farther away, stretched the peaks of the Presidential range, crowned by the distance-dim head of Washington. Through my childhood, the front-yard fence encompassed a cluster of large evergreens, beneath whose shade ran the short path from the front door to the road.



THE GRANDFATHER PAGE HOMESTEAD.

Later, these trees were felled for added sunlight. The house was of usual New England fashion, one room on either side the hall, which in this case was small. From it, a stairway with short turns led to the second story. It was an irregular and wandering old house. On its south side two doors opened into a large, square, room-like hall, from which the side stairway, narrow and steep, led up into another queer square hall, into which several chambers opened.

The "spare room" was interesting because of its connection with "the north chamber," into which one might pass through a mysterious dark closet, which led into it by a de-

scent of two or three steps. This unusual, dim approach, and the sudden exit into light, impressed my childish imagination, as a matter of course. In my day, an "L" had been added to the house, from which stretched a fine long woodshed, one side of which was open and arched. I remember how the piled up treasure of clean, fair, hard wood impressed me, as it lay in "lengths" or in vast piles, chopped and split for winter fires. Even my childish eyes recognized the wealth of such reserve against the time of need.

Six boys and girls grew up in the old house. There were Betsey and Susan and Miranda, Caleb, Albion and Horatio. All these lived to actual—some into advanced old age. All were married, and a goodly number of children survived them.

Aunt Betsey married a Bradbury, her entire life thereafter being spent in Buxton, Maine, where she reared several sons and one daughter, of whom none survive. I remember a visit of hers at my father's when I was a little girl. I regarded her with curiosity, because I was so often told that I resembled her—in face—not I am sure in character, for she was "of the salt of the earth," a patient, self-contained woman, whom all must have loved for her "most excellent spirit."

Aunt Susan, another quiet, gentle, religious soul, who inherited her mother's fine eyes, lived her uneventful married life as Mrs. Jonathan Evans, a mile or two from her early home. The typical New England cottage (white and green-blinded) welcomed her, a bride, to its peaceful shelter, and there she dwelt. A little lonely, almost anybody would feel, she must have been upon occasion, although she looked forth upon one of the most glorious mountain panoramas of the entire region. This is saying much, for she dwelt in a country encircled, as I have said, by the Presidential range of the White mountains, with the multitude of smaller majesties who attend their state.

Of Aunt Susan's two children, Cousin Sarah (Mrs. Martin P. Ford, of Columbus, Ohio), died within the last three years. Her brother, Mr. Caleb Evans, now an aged man, was at last accounts living with his children in California. Their old home, so "beautiful for situation," has passed into the hands of strangers, and is now the site of a summer resort for mountain boarders.

Aunt Miranda was a woman of marked independence of character, quite unlike her gentler sisters. She had a dash of genius, a streak of ideality, a keen sense of humor, which, taken in connection with her high spirit, definite opinions and strong convictions, rendered her personality uncommon and interesting. Intensely loyal in her friendships, giving no uncertain sound regarding what displeased her, she was altogether a striking and interesting character. Tall and commanding in figure, quite unconscious of her own unusual make-up, she needed but the educational and social privileges which the young women of our day enjoy to have methodized, developed and matured her into a leadership among women.

Of this aunt I knew more than of my father's other sisters, as they passed early out of my life, while her marriage brought her to Bangor as the wife of Dr. Samuel Bradbury of that city, where their two elder children, Amos and Samuel, Jr., were born, and where Dr. Bradbury died. Later she married another physician, Dr. Curtis Stanhope, who left her a second time widowed with one little daughter (Miranda) now Mrs. George Webster, of Oldtown, Maine, where also Mr. Amos Bradbury, wife, and son's family live. The second son, "Dr. Sam," practiced his profession for many years in this same town. When he laid aside his suffering body, he left behind him an honorable record in his profession, also as a son and brother, and a never-forgotten place in the affection and respect of his townfolk and of the poor who had received kindness at his hands. Curiously enough, the recurrence in the history of Grandfather Page's family of this name of "Bradbury" does not indicate that her sons-in-law were relatives of Grandmother Sarah. If they were kin, the distance thereof must have been so great that they were never so accounted in the family.

Of my father's two brothers, the elder, Uncle Caleb, lived into the eighties. He was a minister, preaching when he was old. He had pastorates in several New England country parishes. Two of his sons and two daughters lived to adult life. The home of Mrs. Helen M. Taylor, his eldest child, now many years a widow, is in Denver, with her only remaining child, Henry, and his family. Dr. Alpheus, next her in age, was a successful physician for many years in Bucksport, Maine. He was a man greatly beloved, as all

good doctors are apt to be. Good-looking, genial, humorous, a familiar figure through all that countryside, there was universal sorrow when the first and last home of his manhood knew him no more.

His saintly wife, Cousin Eveleen, sick unto death at the time of his departure, followed him a few weeks later, leaving two young children in the desolate home. Of these, the daughter, Eveleen, now Mrs. Webb, lives near Portland, Maine, while Henry follows the family tradition and practices medicine, I think in Philadelphia. Uncle Caleb's youngest daughter, Louise, an invalid from heart trouble nearly all her earthly life, lived it with Christ-like patience and sweetness until in her early young womanhood her release came. Uncle Caleb's youngest son, Albert, a druggist, still lives in this same pleasant town of Bucksport, where his older brother, the Doctor, made his home. Albert's mother, the third wife of his father, who outlived him, spent her remaining years with this son, his wife and daughter. The two first wives passed away before my remembrance, but I knew Aunt Mary. She was a born gentlewoman, who had evidently been accustomed to the accomplishments of her day, which only money could procure, and she must have been beautiful as a young woman. I remember distinctly my last sight of her, when I made a flying visit at her son's. We asked her to play for us some of her lang syne music, which after much persuasion, she did.

I can see her now, her slender, erect figure (she must then have been in the eighties), her large eyes, still dark and beautiful, and the rendering by those aged hands of that music of the by-gone years with much of the distinctness and accuracy of her early accomplishment. Ah, it was all so pathetic! I felt "my heart in my throat," and wanted to cry. It was like a story of the past, as if she had summoned her lost youth to keep her old age company! Well, she went years since, to abide with her youth forever!

To my Grandfather Page's second son, Albion, he left the home farm, where he lived his long and hard-working life, and whence "he was gathered unto his fathers," in the family lot of the village cemetery, over which the eternal hills look down with unchanged faces as the years go by.

Beside his, rests the dust of his kind, good wife, Aunt Rosilla, of his little son Allan, and of his only daughter, my

dear cousin Emily (Mrs. Frank Shirley), who was born, reared and died on the ancestral farm. A bright and gifted woman she was, but her life almost from her girlhood was one of suffering, and the hopes and aspirations, which "died hard," were held in constant rein by her physical limitations. Her only surviving child, Allan, has added another doctor to the family list. His home is in the pleasant old country village of East Bridgewater, Mass. In his office ticks the tall clock of his great-grandfather Robert.

In this same town, Uncle Albion's youngest son, Carlton, passed the last years of his life. He came to Massachusetts from the old Fryeburg farm not very long after his marriage, and his widow still remains in Bridgewater. A good man he was, serving God in singleness of heart. But he, too, has gone! How few of the Page cousins of my generation remain!

And now I come to the *baby* of Grandfather Robert's family, my own blessed father, Horatio Nelson Page.

I wonder who gave him his martial name! Possibly one of his older sisters. I have an impression that it was Aunt Miranda. She was a romantic girl, and doubtless she had canonized Lord Nelson as one of her heroes. The baby was rarely called "Horatio," almost the only instance to my knowledge occurring in the cradle song of one of his sisters, improvised for hastening his trips to "Noddles Island." I have heard him refer to it many times, illustrating the original rendering with unction.

"Bylow, little Ho-ra-shi-o!"

But "Nelson" was his household name, and the changes rung upon it indicated the then status of his behavior.

"Nelson," "Nel," "Nels," and "Nellie" constituted a nicely adjusted scale which this bright lad was not slow to understand. Being the baby, he was heir to all the perquisites, good and ill, of that fortune, and a beguiling little chap I am sure he was. The common consent of his day declared him a beauty, with his bright eyes, fair complexion, red cheeks, curly hair and merry nature. He was beyond question a first-class rogue, but there was nothing unkindly in his mischief. Indeed, when he was old enough to climb the long hill to the bit of a school-house at its top, it was not long before he won the hearts of the little maids, his schoolmates, because of his genuine kindness of heart. To this humble

temple of learning came the children from the few farms round about, and as usual with an average number of small people, selected at random, great variety of character had place within its homely walls. The primeval and barbaric instincts of the race found expression as a matter of course.

Alas, for the small girls who found themselves teased by these young lords of creation! And the little boys as well. How shall they escape the contemptible tyranny which strength wields over helplessness?

Ah, but sometimes relief does come! Who is this knightly youth who comes to the fore and defends the feeble constituency of little maids from its persecutors? Who, indeed, my dears, but your bright-eyed little grandpapa. A veritable young "Great-heart" was he. "The young barbarians" soon found that his voice in public affairs was not to be ignored with impunity, and great peace fell upon this same female constituency of the hill school.

One event of this little boy's life which was of great significance occurred when he was five years old. It is not strange, in view of its connection with his later life, that the incident should have made a profound impression upon him!

Just at this time, in the year 1811, there came to the home of my grandfather and grandmother on the hill, their first baby, a little daughter, Anna Perley Fessenden. Of course, an event of so great interest excited the sympathy and congratulations of all the friendly neighbors in this little country hamlet, especially in the household down the curving road between the grandfather farms. And so it came to pass that the five-year-old baby of the Page household was taken up to see the new little maiden. How my father enjoyed telling of this first call, ending his story with a smile of satisfaction as he made the impressive declaration, "*And that baby is my wife!*"

I do wish that I knew more of the later boyhood of my father. It is a great pity that we so often let slip from us, when we may so easily obtain them, so many facts of interest. Later we seek for them in vain, since those who could have enlightened us have passed into the land of Silence.

I suppose that your grandfather Page's youth passed as that of so many another country boy has done. Every day his eyes looked out upon the stretch of mountain glory that encircled his home. Every day he saw the silver current of

the Saco, that slipped through the Page and Fessenden acres. I suppose that he fished and "went a-blue-berrying" down on "the pine plains." Doubtless he hunted eggs in the big haymows and kept account of wild strawberry time. I am sure that he held in delightful remembrance, even into his very old age, "the red-cheek apple tree" in the orchard, whose fruit bore off the honors at harvesting time. I suppose the old tree has run its race, but during my young womanhood I remember that I once sampled the firm juicy and aromatic pulp which lay prisoned beneath its famed "red cheek."

Of animals, your grandpa was very fond. How he would have enjoyed Seton Thompson and Kipling's "Jungle Stories." His pets received at his hands most remarkable and original names, some of which have escaped me. There was an old "mooly" whom he rode to and from pasture, sitting calmly between her horns, which he grasped firmly, his small legs depending over her forehead. She seems to have submitted to the inevitable and accepted the situation. Many a circus performance took place, we may believe, "down on the intervale," as the boy and the cow (whose name, if I remember aright, was "*Chullerbuss*") careered across the level acres, at *his* if not *her* wild will.

Often did he speak of one pet dog—yclept "Energy-pem-e-dear"—who was devoted in his affection to his young master and who was heartily loved by him in return. Through some motive of spite, a neighbor lad decoyed the faithful creature into the woods and gave him poison. Not for some time after missing his playmate, was its body discovered, I believe, by my father himself. This was one of the dreadful experiences of his life. Outraged affection, pity, grief and consuming wrath toward the cruel murderer of his beloved "Energy" tore his poor young soul.

In speaking of this event during his old age, he declared that the passion of revenge never had possession of his soul more completely than during this experience.

People speak of the griefs of childhood as light and evanescent. How little they know!

And so the years of childhood sped.

The long Maine winters, snow-bound and relentless, the late springs, the brief but lovely summers, and the glorious autumns with their matchless Indian summers (those "back-

ward smiles of the Great Spirit") wrought silently but persistently at the character of the boy as he began to feel in his soul the stir and thrill of approaching manhood.

Three good long miles lay between home and the village "meeting-house." How would the lads of our day regard the walk (or even the ride) thither of a Sunday morning? No easy-going fashions for Sunday prevailed among our forbears, as with us to-day.

Among my very earliest recollections are those of that old "meeting-house," which later was either burned or pulled down to make way for the present church in the village proper, which stands just opposite Cousin Abby Page's home on the main street. The *old* meeting-house stood at the extreme edge of the village upon an open, grassy space just where the road enters the long strip of "pine plain" between the village and our ancestral "hill."

This building was two stories in height, a bare, barn-like structure. In all that region of noble forest and elm-shaded meadows, it stood unsheltered and solitary. The audience room took in two stories, with all the light from the two tiers of windows on four sides of the building. I remember the great square pews, the pulpit, high up the wall like a bird's nest, and the sounding-board above it. I remember, too, ah me! the long service of sermon and prayer by the Rev. Carlton Hurd, then pastor. A man of mind and of note was he, and a good man, but the quiet, unimpassioned voice and the wise discourse droned in my childish ears until the summer sun through the big windows, the sweet summer odors, the summer stillness, overcame the charm of my bunch of pinks and the sprig of caraway from Grandma Fessenden's dooryard and I floated off into peace and sleep!

This old meeting-house was a landmark in the country landscape. When the Portland stage-coach swung into the long, beautiful, elm-shadowed village street, there, down its fine perspective, stood the old meeting-house, just where the road turned a little before entering the woods.

I can remember the soft swish of the wheels as they turned in the deep furrows of the sandy road. To this day, a ride along such a way, brings back the old feeling (one of the delightful memories of my childhood) especially if the road be ribboned between its tracks with the green grass

which grows undisturbed because of infrequent travel and wide space for driveway.

But how I wander! The old meeting-house reminds me of the first Fryeburg Academy. This had given way in my day to the pretty white building which one would instinctively feel belonged only in New England.

This was destroyed (I think by fire) years after, to be followed by the present structure of brick and stone. But that first academy, where Daniel Webster taught! It was the most primitive and typical *log cabin* and my impression is that your grandpa attended "the Academy" when it was housed in this building, though of this I am not sure. At all events "Master Cook" was principal in his day. I remember the pleasant white house under the trees where his widow and daughters lived when I was a child, but he had then been a long time gone. He was a most worthy man, and a cultured, held in regard by all the country round and doubtless deserved great respect in many lines of scholarship. But evidently his grip of mathematical science was not of the tightest. How I sympathize with the good man!

Father has many times told the story of his own wrestlings with the knotty problems of "Gummery's Surveying." (One of the authorities of that day, I infer.) Your grandfather grappled the problems of this book in dead earnest, but of course found himself often beyond his depth and naturally sought enlightenment from the "Master." Upon one such occasion, as he approached, Mr. Cooke exclaimed in bitterness of soul and an abandon of honesty, extorted by the hopelessness of the situation: "I would rather see a cannon-ball coming than one of your problems!"

But Academy days passed and the cheery-faced young man turned his feet at last, away from the old farm-house, and left behind him the mountains in whose shadow he had always dwelt. Truth to say, he had set his face to become a doctor, and after a time of study in Gardner Lyceum, he went to Brunswick, Maine, and into the home of his uncle, Dr. Jonathan Page. With him and his wife, great-aunt Abigail, a housekeeper of wide repute and generous hospitality, he found most comfortable harbor while he "read medicine" with great-uncle Jonathan.

To the student of the present day, the methods of obtaining one's medical degree are very unlike those of three-

quarters of a century ago. Medical colleges, hospital practice and the many other helps to a broad culture were comparatively few. In that day, a young man desiring to be a doctor, usually "read medicine" with some physician of years and experience, accompanied him in his rounds among his patients, beginning thus his practice work, and finally completed his preparatory training by "attending lectures" in some medical school connected with a college or university. It thus came to pass that your grandfather, my dears, attended lectures, if I remember aright, at both Bowdoin College, Brunswick, and the medical school in New Haven (probably connected with Yale.) His diploma came from Bowdoin, I think, and after its reception, he settled himself in the growing town of Brewer, Maine, just across the Penobscot river from the city of Bangor, and began the practice of his profession.

Just here we will leave him, while we "catch up" in the history of our forbears on the other side of our house—the Fessendens and the Perleys.

II

THE FESSENDENS

Our first ancestor in America bearing the Fessenden name was Nicholas, who, at the age of 31 years, left his English home in the year 1630, taking up his abode in the United States.

But as these rambling records have to do with our less remote ancestors, I proceed to the mention of my great-grandfather, Rev. William Fessenden, and Sarah Clement, his wife, whose dust lies in Fryeburg Cemetery almost within the shadow of "Jockey Cap." Their descendants have raised a monument to mark this place of their rest, and of the records thereupon, that concerning Great-grandmother was written by her grandson, Cousin William Pitt Fessenden, whose memories of this venerable woman were especially tender and loving. The memorial to his father, was written by great-uncle Samuel, General Fessenden, of Portland.

This chronicle tells nearly all that we of later generations can know of the lives whose joint influence upon their children and the little world about them is remembered with gratitude. Thus runs the record:

William Fessenden, born at Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 3, 1747. O. S. Ordained first pastor of the Congregational Church in Fryeburg, Oct. 11, 1775. Died in Fryeburg, May 6, 1805, at 57 years. He there continued to discharge all the duties of his high calling with faithfulness until his death. A sound and able divine, a meek and humble Christian, a model of social and domestic virtue, he calmly led the way to that brighter world, toward which he had so long pointed the hopes of his people.

Sarah Clement, wife of Rev. William Fessenden, born at Haverhill, Mass., April 6, 1752. O. S. Died at Portland, Maine, April 7, 1835.

Endowed with an admirable understanding and warm affections, early impressed by religious truth, and trained in practice of Christian virtue, she afforded through life a bright example of all that is excellent in woman. A bless-

ing to her husband, her children and her children's children, loving and beloved to the last, she left of herself only the most refreshing memories."

This, my great-grandfather William, the first minister of his denomination in the town of Fryeburg, was settled the year previous to the Declaration of Independence of the United States. His pastorate carries us back to the day when a minister's position and duties in his parish involved no nominal or narrow functions. At that time, the advantages of a college or university training were the exception in this country, and it is therefore somewhat remarkable that not only my great-grandfather, but his father William as well, were graduates of Harvard University—one in 1737, the other in 1768 (both these dates being, as I suppose, O. S.). My great-grandsire William's first wife was Sarah Reed, who died at the age of 29. In August of 1774 he married Sarah Clement, my great-grandmother, whose 83 years of mortal life ended in 1835.

It is curious how few touches and hints are needed to produce mental pictures. Mine concerning the good minister may err, but the thought I carry of this venerable forbear falls a little into the lines of Oliver Goldsmith's sketch of the village pastor:

"A man he was, to all the country dear,"
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place."

And—

"E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile."

My Chase cousins are the happy possessors, through their mother, of several choice and ancient letters. Among them is one written by great-grandfather William to his "charming Sally," at Dumbarton, N. H., a few months after their marriage. The paper is yellow, cracked and torn, and the wafer which sealed it has departed save a little red dust where its edges were, but it has kept its story of 129 years, and here it is for the reading of his descendants.

Would he not have wondered, could he have known how much of interest its faded pages would awaken in 1903?

FRYEBURG, October ye 3d, 1774.

MY DEAR, MY CHARMING SALLY: With joy I received your letter bearing date ye 17th of last month. I rejoice to hear that you and Friends are well; you say that it is a satisfaction to hear from me so often. You may well suppose I should always be ready to do anything that would give pleasure to you whom I so highly prize. Mr. Green, who is to bring this, sets out to-morrow for Concord and perhaps you may receive it by the last of this week. I wish that my business was accomplished, so that I could set out with Mr. Green, for I long to see you. O, my Sally, you can't think how long the time seems since I left you—seven weeks to-morrow since I left my love—but I hope, by the leave of Providence, to be with you by next Thursday week. In the postscript of your letter you say you would have wrote more, but considering the cost of Paper, you forbear. I suppose that you wrote that for a lesson of prudence to me, so that I might be more sparing in my letters, but, my Sally, methinks half a sheet of paper is no great cost, and if it was, it would fall upon me, as our Interests are connected, and the law of the Land is, whatever debts the wife contracts, the Husband shall pay; however, I should be obliged to you for the hint, as I look upon what you wrote, to proceed from a regard you have to my Interest, and from that frugal disposition which I perceived you were possessed of, in that conversation we had, when Mr. Knight was at your Father's. Perhaps you will think that I don't profit by the hint you gave, seeing, I have wrote so many lines in this Letter about your frugality, but you must consider that it is hard for me to break off at once from my own sentiments with respect to these things. I sent you a letter, the week before last, by Mr. Merril, which I hope, you have received; nothing new in this part of the country; the day after to-morrow, there will be a meeting of the People to determine upon that business, which I gave you some account of, in my last. I am much indisposed to-day, but I hope it is nothing more than a cold; give my Duty to Father and Mother, Love and regards where due; my earnest desire is, that these lines may find you in health. O, my Sally, never cease to love me, for

if you should, you would make him wretched who subscribes himself, your true, constant and faithful Friend and Husband.

WILLIAM FESSENDEN.

P. S.—My Landlord and Landlady desire to be remembered to you, and also to Father and Mother; the Widow Jameson sends her regards to you.

This letter was written one year before Great-grandfather's ordination in Fryeburg. I have wondered whether the "business" to which he refers, as detaining him, in F., had anything to do with a proposition on the part of the people to hear him preach, relative to "giving him a 'call'."

My great-grandmother's portrait—an oil-painting—remains. It is the possession of the son of Cousin Pitt Fessenden (Francis). I remember it in the old India St. Portland mansion of Great-uncle Samuel—"General Fessenden," and later when it hung in a chamber of the Lincoln homestead, Brunswick, Maine, where, at that time, Cousin Ellen Fessenden (Mrs. Dr. Isaac Lincoln, Jr.) lived.

It is a queer, old-fashioned painting, but one can see, in its crude delineation, the strong characteristics of the minister's wife, whose personality lived in the memory of her grandchildren, the loving, helpful, strong, inspiring presence, which they have described to us of these later generations.

Your grandma Page, my children, has often told me of her grandmother Sarah's wonderfully clear, powerful, beautiful voice in singing.

The story runs, that upon one occasion, some one, a mile away, heard the melodious notes of a song, which sped their way through the clear mountain air of her Fryeburg home. The song came from your great-great-grandma.

This story taxes your credulity, I dare say, but it is evidently "in good and regular standing" among the cherished family traditions.

Another anecdote comes down to us, of the same general date. I do not believe that its match can be found among the frontier stories of that early day.

It happened thus:

One day, a rap at the parsonage door, announced an unusual arrival.

Before it, stood a woman, who asked for herself and her companions, opportunity for rest. She later, told her story,

explaining that the *six pairs* of twin boys who accompanied her, were her own children, as also the one girl—her baby!

She and her enterprising family were on their way “down to the Aroostook” county, there to “take up” a government section. An enterprise of this sort must commend itself to any fair-minded person, as a promising indication of the country’s growth and prosperity.

But the Fessenden parsonage had an open door for other than enterprising white settlers. The story is told of Great-grandmother Sarah, that falling asleep one evening she suddenly awoke, becoming aware of some presence out of the common, and beheld several Indians, who had entered the kitchen in their silent fashion, and who were seated around the big fire-place, attracted by the light and heat, from the outside darkness and chill.

I am not quite sure of the sequel of this story, but my impression is, that the visitors were not disturbed in their somewhat unceremonious call, but that when well warmed, they departed, as peaceably as they had come. Of course, in those days, I suppose, there were no bolts or locks, on doors and windows, and neighbors were few and far between.

Still, the calls of such visitors, must have been startling, to say the least. And there were times in the family history, when the dread of their savage neighbors filled all hearts with terror. Witness the following letter from Great-grandmother Sarah, who writes her “dearest friend” from her old home in Dumbarton, begging him to be on guard against any possible attack from the Indians.

DUNBARTON, June 2d, 177-(6?).

MY DEAREST FRIEND, MY LOVING HUSBAND: I have been longing for an opportunity to write to you, ever since you have been absent from me, but alas, I could find none. I wrote this letter and sent it by Syr. to Concord, in hopes there might be somebody there that was going to Fryeburg, that could carry it. I Received your letter that day fortnight you left home, and was exceeding glad to hear that you was well and heartily Pray that your health may Still be Continued unto you. I must inform you that I have heard there was an Army of Regulars and Indians expected down upon our Back Settlements. You cannot imagine what

trouble and concern I have been in, since I heard the news, fearing they might Come upon Fryeburg unawares and Destroy that People, and then my Dear Husband, could not escape their hands. I hope that you and that people will not think your Selves too Secure when perhaps you are in Danger, but I pray to Almighty God that you may all be Preserved. I hope that news was groundless and wish that you might not have any Reason to be afraid, but I cannot help being Concerned.

I long very much to see you, if possible, more than ever, for I am not in very good health at this time, but I hope it is nothing but a bad cold. I hope to see you, by the time you Sent me word, you would Come, in your letter. I wish that time might soon Come that we might live together, without being absent so long, any more. Caleb sent you a letter, Dated May ye 22—he says he has been at your Mother's twice, and they were all well. Give my Respects to ———(?) and family and to all enquiring friends, and more especially give my sincere and true love to my Husband.

I hope, my Dear, you will write to me as often as you possibly can. Mother sends her love to you and likewise Hitty and Nelly. Our neighbors are all well, and Deacon Page has got a son. That these lines may find you in good health, is the prayer of her, who Subscribes herself as She Really is,

Your true, faithful and loving Wife,

SARAH FESSENDEN.

P. S.—My father is gone to the Congress at this time.

I have lately heard for the first time, the story of Great-grandmother Fessenden and Preceptor Langdon. The latter was a bright man, so my father used to say, but "given to his cups," poor man. It seems that there was "a parish barrel of rum," whatever that remarkable convenience may have been, or wherever it may have been situated. At one time, Preceptor Langdon, already fortified by the same fiery fluid, started for "the barrel," but in spite of his demand for a further draught, Great-grandma "held the fort," and he departed, *without* the expected dram!

It is a curious comment upon the temperance outlook of those early days, that we read of great-grandfather's order-

ing for home use, "1 barrel of salmon, and 2 quarts of good rum." However, the amount indicated of the latter article, would not serve the family needs in an *internal* way, for a long time, so I suspect it was intended for *exigencies* of illness or "external use!"

In those hard-pinned times, the bill of fare in the minister's home, must have been of the plainest, but hospitality was never forgotten—indeed by reason thereof, the children were often the sufferers. The woeful tale of my great-uncle Samuel's disappointment really makes one's heart ache for the poor little chap.

It seems that once upon a time an old rooster had been slain, and the children of the parsonage were excited and expectant over the approaching dinner, but alas! unexpected guests arrived, and they had come for no passing call! The table was too full for the seating of the entire family, so the little boys waited, watching from one side, the progress of the meal. Gradually the chicken vanished from the platter. When the last "drumstick" was served to one of the guests, endurance "ceased to be a virtue." Poor little Great-uncle "Sam" lifted up his voice and wept! Who can wonder?

The following letter, of great-grandmother Fessenden, was written to great-aunt Griswold, from Portland, where she was visiting this same son, General Fessenden. The handwriting is tremulous, yet strong, contradictory as those terms may seem. The letter is written about five years before her departure from earth:

PORTLAND, February the 8, 1830.

DEAR DAUGHTER S.: This will inform you that I am yet alive and about as well as when the Doctor was in Portland. I long very much to see you all, and hope I shall, once more in this world. If my brother should come to Fryeburg this winter, it would be very distressing to me not to see him.

My earnest wish is that God would permit me the pleasure of seeing him in Fryeburg or in Portland. I should be glad to go to Fryeburg and see you all and embrace you all in my aged arms, but I fear the burden of me (for I must be a burden) would be more than you would feel yourselves willing to bear. My children here do everything for me that I could wish, for which I desire to thank God.

Deborah joins me in love for you all. Tell my orphan Girls that their grandmother keeps them ever in her heart and prays that God would enable them to support a good reputation in the sight of God and man.

My daughter D says she sends her best love to Grand ma'am L (—?) and I heartily join with her. D says you must come and see her this winter if possible. That these lines may find you all enjoying health and happiness, and that God would permit me once more to meet you all in the land of the living, before I go, whence I shall not return, is the prayer of your affectionate mother.

SARAH FESSENDEN.

Do write me, Sally dear. Tell Nancy to write, and any or all of them. You will see by this that I cannot write.

The "orphan Girls" to whom she refers must be the Barrows sisters, who with their brother William (later Judge Barrows of Brunswick) were so early left fatherless and motherless.

Great-grandmother Sarah's father, Samuel Clement, gives us, his descendants, Revolutionary honors, as is recorded in the "History of Haverhill," Mass.

This declares: "Samuel Clement was 1st Lieutenant in Captain Daniel Hill's company, in Colonel Johnson's regiment of militia, and this company marched on the alarm, April 19, 1775, from Haverhill to Cambridge, under command of said Samuel Clement."

So, congratulations, Mary Clement Wilder, on your revolutionary name, which comes down to you through your great-great-grandma Fessenden!

Nine children, so says the family Bible, came to these forbears, William and Sarah Clement Fessenden, of whom William, Caleb and Elizabeth departed this life in young man and womanhood. Of the two remaining daughters, Mary, who became Mrs. Barrows, at thirty-six years of age, left her four children motherless.

Sarah, my great-aunt, Mrs. Oliver Griswold, lived to be 60, and my grandfather Ebenezer departed, a comparatively young man, at 58, while his brothers, Samuel, Joseph and Thomas, lived into old age, the first mentioned being nearly 85. Of these uncles and aunts of my Grandsire Fessenden's generation, I remember only the three uncles, and very in-

teresting old gentlemen were they all. Great-uncle Joseph was a minister in Bridgeton, Maine, when I was a little child. I remember the kind eyes that looked out from under his shaggy brows, and the pleasant smile that lighted up the otherwise very plain face. Such a marvel of neatness and thrift was that bird's nest of a cottage parsonage! Even my child consciousness took in this fact, as also the Spartan simplicity of dress which encompassed Aunt Phebe, Uncle's wife. Somebody tells the story of the paper of pins which formed a part of her bridal findings and which still remained unexhausted years and years after! It was suggested that her economy approached "nearness." Ah! but who, herself without children, adopted and "brought up" two motherless nieces, educated an orphan nephew of Uncle Joseph's, and from time to time took in the children whose mothers needed "a rest?" All this, on the starvation salary of a New England minister of those early days!

We of this time, have easier and freer ways with the children. We are doubtless the possessors of many more *pins*, but what of our pinching self-sacrifice and care for His "little ones?"

The mention of great-uncle Joseph reminds me of a small passage-at-arms between this good minister and a young grand-nephew who had come for a short sojourn at the Bridgeton parsonage.

Little Dick possessed the investigating tendencies of his age (perhaps four years), and also of his sex, and conceived a great affection for Aunt Phebe's promising flock of chickens. It was discovered by Uncle Joseph that the boy had become quite an expert in catching them and hugging the life nearly out of their little bodies. Naturally the old gentleman was not slow in emphasizing the cruelty of such a procedure, assuring the culprit that any repetition of the offense would be followed by swift punishment.

For a time, all seemed to be well with the chickens, but one day Uncle espied Dick, who was eloquently addressing his pets, his harangue being rendered especially funny by his marked lisp.

"Now, chickies, if Uncle wath dead, I'd take you and skeeze you, *juth as hard!* But he's *alive*, and I *dare not!*"

In due time, Uncle, meeting the small youth, said in a tone of tender reproach:

"Dick, I didn't think that you wished your poor old uncle dead."

Dick grasped the situation, but replied with undaunted cheer:

"Why, Uncle, you *know* you'd be better off!"

This same lively bairn was accustomed to make very loud voiced petitions, shouting his "Our Father, who art in Heaven," at the top of his voice. When remonstrated with for such Pharisaic fashion, and asked why he prayed in so noisy a way, the logical turn of his mind became apparent: "Tho that the Lord can hear me!"

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Great-uncle Samuel! How many delightful visits I have had in his large hospitable Portland home! It vanished long years ago in the fearful fire that laid low so large a section of that fair city by the sea. But I can never forget the charm of its three stories of hall and chamber, its parlors on either side the lower hallway, the French clock that ticked under a glass case on the mantel of one, the fine portrait of Uncle, and, most wonderful of all, the vast oil painting which occupied a section of the wall in one of the upstairs halls. This great canvass portrayed at life-size, the entire group of his and Aunt Deborah's family, ten sons and one daughter—thirteen figures in all, if I recollect aright.

This was really a fine picture, and the portraiture was remarkable. (I forget the name of the artist.) Alas, this went with many other interesting possessions when the old mansion passed in smoke and flame. The verdure of the little yard back of the house has departed also. How well I remember the freshly springing peppermint, whose sprigs I gathered with my child hands. It grows there no longer, I suppose, but its fragrance has lasted through the long, long years between then and now. I still can see "Aunt Debby's" face, the large-bowed spectacles which she wore, and the long table in the dining-room at which she presided. Uncle was a splendid specimen of humanity, tall, finely developed and of most gracious and kindly, though courtly manners. His was altogether a stately presence. All children must have loved him. I certainly did. I remember how, during those later years of his life, when his eyesight became dim, his after-dinner entertainment was a game of backgammon, which some member of the family or transient guest of the house always hastened to play with the dear old gentleman.

His busy lawyer's life did not prevent the philanthropist within him from rising to the need of the oppressed and unfortunate. He was one of the anti-slavery forces of the state of Maine in the days when only hard work, derision and unpopularity were to be expected by the men who advocated the rights of the negro. To this cause, he brought the energy and skill of his profession and helped on the beginnings of the conflict whose consummation was formulated by Abraham Lincoln in the Emancipation Proclamation. Of Uncle Samuel's large family, I believe Dr. Joseph Fessenden alone survives. Cousin Samuel, his older brother, was for many years pastor of the Congregationalist Church in Rockland, Maine. To him also was given a patriarchal family—twelve children, all but one of whom are living. The steamboats plying between Boston or Portland and Bangor made an exchange of visits possible for the Rockland and Brewer cousins, and there was double reason for these excursions of the last mentioned maids, because Uncle Caleb Fessenden and his wife, Aunt Abby, dwelt also in Rockland.

Cousin Samuel has long since gone, but Cousin Mary, his wife, still dwells among her children in Stamford, Conn., several of them having homes in that pleasant city. It is long since I have seen her, but I hear that her many years have left her much of the beauty for which her young womanhood was remarkable.

Uncle Thomas Fessenden, my grandsire's youngest brother, lived his lawyer's life in New York City with his charming and handsome wife, Aunt Caroline, and their remarkably interesting family of sons and daughters, of whom but three survive—Thomas of New York, Cousin Sarah (Mrs. Hammond) of Brunswick, Maine, and Cousin Kate (Mrs. John Gilbert) of Malone, N. Y., for whom you, my Baby, were named, than whom you can desire no finer prototype. Her oldest brother, Cousin Henry, was my mother's favorite cousin. One of Nature's noblemen was he, who, as also his wife, passed into the Heavens many years since. Two sisters—Elizabeth, Mrs. Warriner, and Mary, Mrs. Judge Barrows, of Brunswick, have also departed. Great-uncle Thomas was a handsome, erect, elegant old gentleman, courtly in manner, yet with the Fessenden earnestness and demonstrativeness at ready call. His legal partner's name was Ketchum, and the story is told of a countryman

who, passing his office, looked up at the sign, and reading it, exclaimed, "Ketchum & Fasten-em!" An excellent sign for lawyers!"

The four children of Mrs. Barrows (Grandsire Eben's sister, who died at 36), have all passed beyond. They were Mary (Mrs. Alexander Bradley), Sarah (Mrs. Dr. Tom Perley), Nancy (Mrs. Rev. Francis Yeaton), and Judge William Barrows, of Brunswick, Maine.

Aunt Griswold, (Grandfather's sister Sarah) has come down to us as a woman of uncommon strength and simplicity of character, with an heroic strain added thereto which might face martyrdom with a smile. It was her lot to submit to surgical treatment (before the days of anaesthetics), which, though for a time successful, was followed by a recurrence of her malady, this time beyond mortal reach and help. When suffering convinced her of it's return, she rejoiced that no *external* developments of the dread disease would give her a longer lease of life, or subject her friends to a weary watch over her delayed departure. No trivial subjects occupied her thought. Dress, beyond cleanliness thereof, did not much concern her. My mother told with great amusement the story of Aunt Griswold's visit once upon a time, to her brother in Portland, General Fessenden. For this outing, it was deemed fitting that her wardrobe be replenished and a new silk gown was added thereto. When she returned from her trip she was full of its experiences—the social functions which she had attended, the gifted and interesting people she had met, among them the Longfells. After this rehearsal, somebody asked (I suspect with a haunting dread of possibilities), "What dress did you wear to the Longfells?"

With cheerful promptness came the reply: "Why, my nice pressed gown, of course!"

Alas and alas! the fine new silk frock had been utterly forgotten, while she serenely conversed on high and worthy themes within the comfortable environment of her homespun woolsey!

The mention of the Longfellow family, reminds me of the early romance in the life of Cousin William Pitt Fessenden, which was terminated by the death of Miss Elizabeth Longfellow, a sister of Henry Wadsworth's, to whom he

was engaged. Thus near came we to connection, if not kinship, with the venerable poet!

One pauses at mention of this statesman of the Fessenden clan, whom the Country honored itself in electing to its highest gift this side the Presidency.

Broad and clear in his intellectual outlook, fearless and conscientious, he made all untoward circumstances for which he was not responsible, but the stepping-stone to unblemished character and the furtherance of righteous judgment.

Cousin Pitt married later, Miss Deering, of Portland, who was for many years of her life, an invalid. Their youngest son, Sam, was wounded and died in our civil war, and the second son, William, has also gone.

Aunt Griswold's husband, Dr. Oliver, died before my remembrance. He was a country doctor, and to such, seldom comes wealth. I can imagine his long winter rides over the "pine plains" and through the formidable drifts of a New England winter.

He was evidently reared in good Puritan fashion, as is shown in the incident related of his mother, who had her home with him during her later life. It seems that upon a Sunday morning one of the young folk incidentally remarked that he or she would not "go to meeting" that morning. This statement caught the ear of the venerable grandmother, who exclaimed with the sharp turn of her Yankee dialect:

"Ain't a gwine! Yes, you *air* a gwine!"

And it is needless to say that the young delinquent *did* go to "meeting."

Of the several children who came to the Griswolds' none lived within my recollection, save "Aunt Lucia," as we are so glad to call her.

Her sister Hannah married Samuel Perley, of Naples, who was my mother's maternal cousin. Her short happiness of married life ended at the birth of her daughter, Mary Griswold Perley, now the only surviving child of her father, deceased several years since. Cousin Mary is my "double" second cousin on the maternal, as Cousin Nannie Jackson, my "double second" on the paternal sides of my house.

On beautiful Andover Hill, Massachusetts, still abides dear Aunt Lucia Griswold Merrill. In August of 1903 (next month from this writing) she will be 90 years old. She is the sole survivor of that large circle of cousins of my

mother's connection who made so delightful a constituency while they were growing into young man and womanhood in delightful old Fryeburg!

Of her it has been said, "She robs old age of its terrors!"

Serene and happy, living in daily readiness for continuance here or translation to the home that is "far better," an inspiration and gladness to her children and grandchildren and to all who know her, she waits until she joins her husband and their son George, who have passed on before her.

Meanwhile, from Fiske University come James and his family, from Philadelphia, Sara and hers, from Buffalo, Will and Elsie and their brace of children—all these on their loving pilgrimage to Andover Hill, where the dear saint waits to welcome them. Lucia, Jr., her "baby," and Mary Perley, her daughter-niece, stand ready with loving ministry for her every need, and George's Florence with her children drop in often. Four great-grandsons are also her proud possession. We pray that the Lord will suffer this last representative of my mother's generation to abide *this* side of Heaven yet many days. How selfish we are, when the number of our forbears here grows so small!

The parsonage wherein my great-grandfather Fessenden lived, stood nearly opposite the "Old Yellow" which later I knew as the Grandfather Eben's home. In the first home, all the children of Great-grandfather and mother Fessenden were born, and from it William, Caleb and Elizabeth departed in early manhood and youth for the other country.

The other children, one by one left its shelter for new homes and the individual work of life, until only my grand-sire Eben remained to care for the homestead and the farm.

No one of these four Fessenden brothers was a born farmer. Ebenezer's tastes were literary and domestic. He doubtless loved the old home and because he was of an affectionate nature, the ancestral acres (many of them rich of soil, but many rocky of nature) were dear to his heart, but God designed him for different surroundings. From all that I can learn of him, he should have followed some literary craft instead of building stone walls, or even gathering in the rich windrows of hay on the beautiful Saco intervale. However, to Ebenezer, my grandfather, came the holding of the farm, where we will leave him while we seek the ancestors of Grandmother Rebecca, who later became his faithful and thrifty helpmeet.

III

THE PERLEYS

Our first Perley ancestor in this country, was Allan, and Boxford, Mass., was the home of the Perley family.

My great-grandfather Enoch was the seventh child of Thomas and Eunice (Putnam) Perley, said Eunice being a sister of General Israel Putnam. Enoch was born May 19, 1749. He married Anna Flint, of Middleton, Mass. She was the daughter of Deacon John Flint and Huldah Putnam, said Huldah being also a sister of General Israel Putnam. Great-grandfather and mother Perley were, therefore, own cousins.

I know nothing of great-grandsire Enoch's boyhood. Indeed, I think the first fact concerning him which comes to us, is that recorded on page 217 of Mr. Sidney Perley's "History of Boxford," wherein the name of Enoch Perley appears "on the list of soldiers who marched from Boxford to Lexington, April 19, 1775, under Captain Jacob Gould, in Colonel Samuel Johnson's regiment of militia, said list being copied from the state archives in Boston." The redoubtable Israel Putnam is our great-uncle several times removed, and through the double Putnam marriages in our family our forbears have handed down to us many revolutionary heroes.

As this Chronicle cannot properly miss the famous "wolf story," I quote the following newspaper clipping:

A Brooklyn, Conn., correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* writes: Traveling eastward from Willimantic on the New England Railroad, a ride of seventeen miles brings one to the little rural station of Pomfret, which in winter rarely sees a traveler, but in summer is animated by city folks, whose Queen Anne cottages may be seen lining the long ascent of Pomfret Street on the north. If one alights at this station and follows the railway east towards Putnam for a mile and a half or more, he comes to a rude road crossing the track and leading up to a range of precipitous hills covered with steep ledges and thick forests. This road ends a mile further on, before a ledge steeper and more jagged than its fellows, near the centre of which is a

cavernous opening—the celebrated wolf-den of “Old Put.” Between the boulders into the hillside, further than most tourists care to explore, winds a dark narrow passage, its entrance walled in by five huge rocks, while a sixth has been heaved by the frosts quite across it, so nearly closing it that a man of the old hero’s girth would now be troubled to force himself in. It is one of the few historic places left in its



ISRAEL PUTNAM.

natural state. The fine old trees of a Connecticut forest wave above, and bush, plant, and vine wanton around. Everything about it is charmingly wild and natural; and this, when one had expected the unfailing monument, railing and warning placard, seemed doubly delightful.

THE POMFRET WOLF.

The story of the encounter with the wolf is commonplace enough, but recalled here with all the local adjuncts present, seemed interesting, even thrilling.

Putnam’s farm lay across a narrow valley within hearing of the den. He had come to it a young man just beginning

life, had broken his land, sowed it to grain, set out fruit trees, and gathered a flock of valuable sheep, goats and cattle, when one morning on going out to his flocks he found some seventy sheep and goats killed and many others wounded. This was his first introduction to Pomfret's famous wolf. This animal was something more than the average depredators on farm yards; she possessed individuality, intelligence, genius, and she is of special interest as the last of her race. Indian Tom and Jeremy had routed the wolves of Plainfield and Killingly years before. Woodstock's last had been shot in 1732, Ashford's in 1735. Pomfret's alone was left. She was fully equal to her opportunities, and for years ravaged the choicest farms of Windham County, taking her pick of kids, lambs, sheep and fowls, filling with horrid dreams the heads of little children in their trundle-beds, scaring the nut gatherers in the woods, defying gun, trap and poison, beating off dogs, and eluding hunters.

Every spring she withdrew to the northern wilderness, returning in autumn with a litter of cubs, which were speedily killed by the hunters, but the dam bore a charmed life. In ravaging Putnam's flocks, however, she signed her death warrant. He at once entered into a compact with five of his neighbors to hunt her unremittingly until she was killed. It was not until after three years that success attended their efforts. One morning in the winter of 1742-3 her track was discovered in a light snow that had fallen, and, after being followed over half the country by the hunters, it led at last into this den. Having trapped the beast, the company began efforts to make her budge; they sent in dogs, which came out torn and bleeding; they smoked the den with straw and brimstone, without effect. At last a messenger was sent for Putnam, who up to this time had been quietly at work on his farm. The latter was the owner of a fierce bloodhound which it was thought might conquer the wolf. Putnam came over across the valley with his hound, which was sent in but soon came out. As a last resort Putnam entered the cave and performed the famous feat of killing the wolf.

PUTNAM IN BROOKLYN.

It is a three miles' walk to Brooklyn, the pretty village where the hero's later years were spent, and where he lies buried. Most Connecticut towns are charming, but Brooklyn

is pre-eminently so, lying on an open, breezy hilltop, between the valleys of two branches of the Quinebaug—perhaps fifty roomy, white-painted dwellings, clustered under the elms and maples that line a wide village street. It is accessible by a stage ride of three miles from Danielsonville, on the Norwich and Worcester Road, or by carriages from Pomfret, five miles distant in the opposite direction.

When Trail Bissel came spurring down from Watertown with his news of Lexington, Putnam was keeping a tavern in this ancient village. To explain how this happened is not a long story. He returned a colonel in 1765, from the French and Indian war. His wife died the same year, and in 1767 he married Madam Deborah Gardiner, relict of John Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, whose first husband had been the Rev. Ephraim Avery, minister of Brooklyn.

This lady was very beautiful and accomplished and had a wide circle of friends. Putnam had many army friends and was well known throughout the country, and as a result visitors came in troops to the pleasant farmhouse, about a mile out of the village, where he then resided. Army officers, clergymen, distinguished strangers, ardent patriots, all made a point of visiting the hero whenever opportunity offered. Jefferson's hospitality bankrupted his estate. Our hero's modest savings would have gone in the same manner had not Yankee wit suggested a way out of the dilemma. He bought the old Avery place in the village, removed thither, and soon threw out a tavern sign—a sign that bore General Wolfe in full regimentals—and told all travelers and visitors that entertainment could be had within. The old tavern has been removed, or has fallen down, I could not learn which. I was shown its site—a pretty green lawn, under elms, fronting the village common. Had the old hostelry remained it would have been one of our historic structures. Nearly all the leaders of the Revolution stopped there at times, and during the struggle many solemn conclaves of patriots were held within its walls. the committees of safety met there, regiments with drum and fife drew up before it for review and tired couriers sought it for rest and refreshment. After the war, too, when beauty and distinction travelled the route from New York to Boston, it was quite the fashion to spend a night at this famous inn.

THE NEWS OF LEXINGTON.

News of Lexington left Watertown by courier at 10 A. M. of Wednesday, and reached Brooklyn at 8 A. M. of Thursday. Messengers were at once despatched on horseback with beating drums to alarm the country. Putnam was plowing near the inn at the time, and at once quitted his plough, leaving his boy Daniel to unyoke the oxen. Arrived on Brooklyn Green, he found gathered there an excited throng of minute-men, who asked to be led against the enemy; he made them a little speech advising them to wait till ordered out by their officers, and hurried on to confer with the Town Committee. At sunset, he started on his famous night ride to Cambridge. He seems to have gone on at once to Concord, for on the 21st he wrote thence a letter to Colonel Williams saying that he had waited on the Committee of the Provincial Congress, and that it had been definitely decided to raise in New England an army of 22,000 men, of which Connecticut's quota would be 6,000, and urging him to send on provisions as soon as possible. His later work as organizer of the first Continental Army is too familiar to need recapitulation. An anecdote of him current in the village will, I think, be new to most readers.

In September, 1774, he received news of an uprising in Boston, which, however, proved a false alarm. On receipt of it he wrote the following letter to a neighbor, one Colonel Malbone, a Churchman and staunch Royalist, between whom and the sturdy provincial colonel there had been many word passages concerning the relations between the colonies and the mother country:

"Saturday, 12 P. M.

"To Colonel Malbone.

"DEAR SIR: I have this minute had an express from Boston, that the fight between the Bostonians and Regulars began last night at sunset, and that the cannon began to —and continued all night. They beg for help. Don't you think it is time to go?

"I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

"I. PUTNAM."

The only answer vouchsafed by the colonel, it is said, was the injunction, "Go to the d—l."

PUTNAM'S GRAVE.

General Putnam is buried in the pretty village cemetery, half a mile southwest of the town—an enclosure of several acres, with quiet air, green turf, sombre firs, and dry, sandy soil. In a secluded corner of the yard, among many broken mossy tombstones, a heavy table of marble lies on a wall of brick that lifts it but five or six inches from the ground. The stone is about six feet long by two and a half wide, and marks the grave of Putnam. Fully a third of it has been chipped off by relic hunters. The inscription was written by President Dwight, and shows the apt wording and elevated sentiment peculiar to the men of that day. I regret that its length precludes my inserting it entire. One sentiment in it, "He dared to lead where any dared to follow," will be recognized as doing duty in many later compositions of a far different nature."

Family characteristics "run in the blood." I chanced one day upon an article in an old magazine, which recorded various incidents, personal and otherwise, connected with the Revolutionary War. One, concerning General Israel, this uncle of my great grandfather, as also of his wife, I had never seen before. It runs as follows:

"Upon Gallows Hill the spy Palmer expiated his offense, and 'Old Put' penned his famous reply to Sir Henry Clinton's demand for the prisoner's release:

SIR: Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy, lurking within the American lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

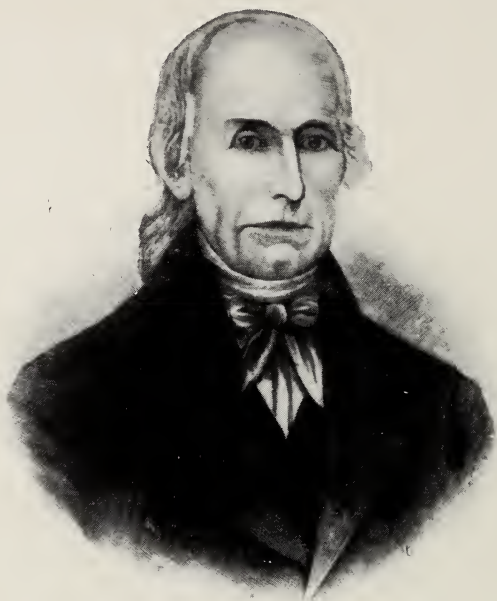
ISRAEL PUTNAM.

P. S.—He has been executed accordingly."

There is something in this enumeration of facts, the logic of their connection, the despatch resulting therefrom, placing them beyond further appeal, that would, I opine, characterize a like experience of my great-grandsire Enoch.

Without attempting the detail of this Revolutionary inheritance, I will simply copy from a letter which I received from Dr. Putnam, of Salem (one of our connection), who is authority in the records of the Putnam and Perley families.

Speaking of my mother, he says: "It is seen that Mrs. Page is descended on her grandmother's side (Anna Flint), as well as from her grandfather's (Enoch Perley), from John Putnam, John Porter and Major William Hathorne, ancestor of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist and romancer.



Enoch Perley

Hon. Charles W. Upham's great work on the History of Salem Village (now Danvers) and the Salem Witchcraft (see Vol. I, p. 99) gives some account of Major Hathorne, who was a very distinguished and influential man. 'No one,' he says, 'in our annals fills a larger space.' That is saying a great deal. He commanded important and difficult military expeditions, was prominent as counsel and judge in the courts, was in the Legislature 17 years as

assistant, and Deputy 20 years, was Speaker of the House in 1644, and was a great orator withal.' ”

“Few Colonial Dames,” proceeds Dr. Putnam, “can claim a better descent than one who may trace her line back to him. See also *Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne* by his son Julian.”

Curiously enough, between the major and the novelist, the name changed from “Hathorne” to “Hawthorne.”

Great grandfather Enoch Perley was, as I gather, a man of small physique. He was energetic, ingenious and of a courage, thrift and industry indomitable. Apropos of the two last mentioned qualities, I well remember a small “looking glass,” which, during my childhood, hung in my grandma Fessenden’s kitchen. The frame was in general outline, a parallelogram, and was hand made, of dark wood, curved in the center of its upper side. Probably I might never have especially noticed this mirror had it not been for a curious irregularity of one corner of the frame on its inner edge, which, running at a diagonal slant, apparently cut off the left hand upper corner of the glass. I always wondered at this peculiarity but never understood the “why” of it until a few years ago. Then somebody alluded to great grandfather Enoch’s skill in tinkering, and some playful reference was made to this very looking glass, which, having lost one angle, the provident old gentleman had made haste to protect by fitting a frame over the lacking corner.

I have not been able to ascertain certainly whether it was before or after his marriage to Anna Flint at Middleton, Massachusetts, March 17, 1778, that my great grandfather began his pioneer life; but as I remember Mother’s story of those early days, it seems to me that he departed for the “District of Maine” (as it was then called), leaving his wife in Boxford until he should reclaim from the wilderness sufficient land for a farm and build a shelter for his family.

After this was accomplished, he returned to Massachusetts and brought his helpmeet to the primitive accommodations that awaited her.

Of his lonely sojourn in the “forest primeval” a few stories have been preserved. Alone in his rude camp, it was no uncommon thing to awaken beneath a heavy coverlet of snow, which, sifting through the cracks in its roof, had

supplemented "the drapery of his couch." And the tracks of bear and wolf outside his camp of a morning showed how social his forest neighbors wished to be. But hunting and land clearing did not fill all his thought. One day he halted in the forest by a huge birch tree and, cutting a large sheet of its fine under bark, he returned to his cabin and wrote upon its smooth expanse a poem recounting the varied wealth which surrounded him in his forest home. My mother has many times recited portions of this poem to me, but I can only recall two lines which mention the gift of the birch tree for the need of the hour.

"Paper, whose sheets are fine and large,
Without a penny's cost or charge."

Having written his verses, this pioneer returned to the birch tree and tacked the smooth sheet into the place from which he had taken it. Strange to say, the wilderness did not keep its trust. It happened that some man from Portland, who had come to the woods for hunting or with other intent, chanced to pass this especial birch tree and, halting, read the verses. He was so impressed by "the find," that he took the birchen sheet back to the city where the contents were printed in a Portland newspaper.

I think it must have been *after* my great grandfather's return to his new "clearing" (in the town later called South Bridgeton) in company of his family, that several thrilling adventures befell him, and this I infer because of the mention of others who seem later to have followed his lead to the District of Maine.

On a hillside a mile from his home, lay a pasture, to reach which Great-grandpa must pass through a dense wood. Indeed the whole country was covered with a heavy forest, save where an occasional clearing showed the hard labor of man.

Great-grandfather Enoch, accompanied by a small dog, started one afternoon to bring the cattle home from the hillside pasture. Suddenly from among the trees he found himself faced by a huge bear bringing two cubs with her. Not a weapon had the grandsire—not even a jack-knife. His was the day of small clothes. In a trice he had taken off his garters, knotted them together, fastened them about

his waist, and seized a pine knot close at hand, which he slipped into his improvised belt for safe holding. Having set the dog upon his huge foe, the bear ran up a tree, followed by the plucky hunter, when she turned upon him preparing to attack her enemy, who, seizing the pine knot, dealt her a blow between the eyes. She fell heavily to the ground whither he betook himself, finishing his work to her death with the same weapon.

In the meantime the dog had turned his attention to the two cubs who started down the hill. Grandsire followed them after dispatching their mother and made an end of them by strangling them with the aforementioned garters.

Upon the whole I think the most thrilling experience of his frontier life occurred in connection with a deer which he shot one day. The game being too large for his unassisted removal, he left it to go for help, returning with a sled and man, while he lead the way to the game.

As he came out into the open, where the dead deer lay, up from it, *ten eagles* rose slowly and circled around his head, evidently preparing to make fight with him over the disputed booty.

For the first time *in his life*, (I think he said) he was frightened. Taking off his hat he swung it at arms' length and the fierce creatures, apparently surprised at this new demonstration of warfare, instead of dropping upon his devoted head, rose higher and higher while he hastened to retire, leaving them to the undisputed possession of the game. One hour later when the men returned to the seat of war they found the skeleton of the deer which the eagles had stripped of meat.

A Mr. Foster, who boarded at Great-grandfather Perley's, was clearing a farm for himself. Each morning he started out with his luncheon, and worked all day, returning to headquarters at night. The dense woods lay between the house and the clearing. Indeed clearings were very few and forests were vast and deep.

One day before reaching his place of work, Mr. Foster found himself face to face with a she bear and her two babies. The mother was in no mild or vegetarian mood. I doubt if even huckleberries would have diverted her from the war path. The fierce creature advanced, fully resolved upon attack, being, very likely, hungry and out for a for-

age. Mr. Foster made for the nearest tree which happened to be so large that the bear decided to follow him as he climbed for his life. Up they went, the man and the beast, in so close a chase that the bear gnawed viciously at Foster's heels just within reach.

The man crept out upon the limb of a tree 40 feet above the ground, the bear still pursuing. There was a crack and a snap as the double weight broke the big limb, sending its two occupants to the ground: Mr. Foster dropped into a sort of cradle hollow, full of leaves, as soft a landing as could have been provided. The bear fell plump upon a *stump*! The blow stunned, but did not kill her—Foster took swift advantage of her crippled condition, and walked, backing away from her, but she took no notice of him, having too many troubles of her own to attend to her enemies.—The poor man tried to run, but his bleeding heels prevented. Between him and help, stretched a field of rye stubble, the grain having been lately cut. Slowly he crawled, in a misery intensified by the sharp points of the stiff stubble. Finally, his shouts reached somebody's ears, and help came. When search was made for Madame Bruin, she was not to be found. Finding that her game had escaped her, she probably contented herself with returning to her young.

Poor Mr. Foster reached shelter in a suffering and dangerous condition, the torn cords of his heels, exposed and hanging. Months passed before they healed.

A "wee bit" house, (now used as a shop) which was the work of the owner's own hand, still stands in South Bridgeton, and was the home to which, Great-grandsire Enoch brought Anna, his wife, and here in "the District of Maine," the family grew up.

Of two interesting members of the Perley household, in those early days, I wish that I possessed more exact information. Cousin Laura Chase gives me her impression of *her* mother's story of "Chloe," which tallies, in most points, with my memory of that *my* mother told. If I err in my tale, it will not matter to the faithful soul, long years in the heavenly country.

Alas! and alas! My great-great-grandsire Flint, the father of great-grandmother Enoch, purchased of a Guinea slave-trader, several negroes. One—"Chloe,"—when great-grandmother married Enoch, went with the bride to the

new home, where she lived, loving and beloved for many years. My mother remembered Chloe very well.



THE FIRST FRAMED HOUSE IN SOUTH BRIDGETON, BUILT BY
GREAT GRANDSIRE ENOCH PERLEY.

She seems to have been a remarkable woman, an invaluable help in the house, and very intelligent. She learned to read and write and some of her letters to my grandmother Rebecca, remain. Chloe outlived her mistress, and dwelt in the old home, with the son, John Perley, until she entered into rest, when her dust was laid away in the South Bridgeton family "burying-ground."

The Chase cousins say, that Aunt Huldah mentioned Chloe as one of *four slaves*, owned by Great-great-grandsire Flint, one of whom was given to each of his daughters upon her marriage. Chloe certainly stands out distinct in the family history, a noble, beloved and faithful character, whose memory remains green down to this century and even to present time. Of the Perley children, five grew into adult life. They were John and Thomas, and three daughters. Rebecca, my grandmother, became the wife of Ebenezer Fessenden, and Huldah died in young womanhood. The work of her efficient hands remains, (fabrics of her weaving in linen and woolen), and my Chase cousins

(whose mother, *my* Aunt Huldah, was *named* for her young aunt) still cherish a pair of tiny silver tea-spoons that belonged to her.

Of one much scratched pewter plate, I am the happy possessor. This belonged, if not to her, I think, to her mother. My grandmother's sister Nancy, married Dr. Reuel Barrows, for many years one of the physicians of Fryeburg. I well remember this great uncle Barrows, whose first wife, Aunt Nancy, died long before my remembrance. His bluff manners covered a kindly heart and cordial interest. I recall how imposing his presence seemed to me, a little maiden, sitting in the village church (during some summer visit in Fryeburg with my mother), when he walked up the broad aisle to his pew.

His height and circumference were the more imposing when one considered the fact that at the time of his advent he was a tiny specimen of humanity. So small indeed, that he was placed in a quart bowl which, after his disposal, had room for the comfortable adjustment of a cover. This is a well accredited story. I have never heard it contradicted.

I remember his pleasant house on the village street across the way from beautiful Pine Hill, from whose top, one beholds a matchless panorama of mountains, river, forests and clouds.

Great Aunt Nancy, as I have said, died early, leaving one daughter, Cousin Mary, who married Mr. George Shepley of Saco. They also, have gone. Of their children, two remain, Annie Shepley, who has won to herself laurels as an artist, and her brother George, living with his wife in Worcester, Mass. The younger sister Bessie, Mrs. Seargent, died, a few years since, leaving a group of little daughters to their father's care.

John and Thomas, the sons of great grandsire Enoch, were blest with patriarchal families, though several children departed in early life.

John's children, who lived to maturity, were Susan (Mrs. Dr. Gould), Mary (the second Mrs. Rensellaer Cram), Sarah (Mrs. Marshall Cram), John Putnam, Augustus, and Frederick.

The daughter of cousin Mary, Miss Ellen Cram, and one son of Mrs. Marshall Cram are still living. Of John's

sons, two settled in Bridgeton, J. Putnam and Augustus. To the former, Col. Perley, descended the ancestral farm. He had no children of his own, but bequeathed it to nieces of his wife. It has now, however, passed into the hands of strangers.

The children of Augustus Perley were Annette, Frederick, Ella and Dr. George Perley, of whom, the two last mentioned live in Woodstock, Conn. It is the two children of George who have "lived down" the "family curse."

Frederick, the youngest son of John Perley, died just after his graduation at Bowdoin College.

Of the sons of Thomas Perley, Samuel F. married (as before noted) Hannah Griswold. His second wife was Miss Almira Fitch, who still lives on the beautiful old farm in Naples, Maine. Of his family, his widow and Mary Griswold Perley, his daughter, remain, but all the children of his second marriage are gone.

Thomas F. ("Doctor Tom") who married Sarah Barrows (as before stated), Henry E., who married Miss Mary Fitch, and George M. all died several years ago. Of Thomas Perley's daughters, Huldah became the first wife of Rensselaer Cram, whose son Ashbel is, I believe, still living. Augusta died in young womanhood. Fanny (Mrs. Anderson), an unusual and beautiful woman, lived into middle life, and cousin Elizabeth (Mrs. Grinfill Blake) who was, if I remember aright, the eldest child of the family, has but recently departed at nearly or quite 90 years of age.

A wonderfully bright, energetic and decided personality was her's. Retaining her faculties into extreme old age, it was pleasant to talk with her of her young days, as also of all the great movements of the present time in which she took unabated interest. I am sure one came away from her rolling chair, covetous of her courage and uncomplaining acceptance of her physical limitations. She lived with her daughter, Mrs. Raymond, in Princeton, New Jersey.

One tradition concerning my great grandfather, deserves record in these annals and, having always been the property of his descendants, casts no new or fresh discredit upon his memory.

Great grandpa Enoch, during the busy, industrious years of his long life, gathered much wealth of land into his possession. The stress of his early fortunes probably con-

spired with his natural bent to render his hold upon these possessions a close one, and his reputation as a landlord gave him credit for a hardness not largely tempered with mercy.

The story is told that "the Squire," as he was called, once lent a sum of money to a widow, the which she failed to return. It is not known, I infer, whether this indebtedness was the result of indisposition or inability, but at all events, great grandfather Enoch at last lost patience and, go-



GREAT GRANDSIRE ENOCH'S WILLOW WALKING STICK, AND
WHAT CAME OF IT.

ing to her house, took possession of a cow in payment of her debt to himself. As he drove the cow away, the widow stood in her doorway and cursed him, declaring that no male of his name should live to manhood in the fourth generation of his descendants. It is a singular fact that of his great grandsons, but one survives. Still, the curse has missed its fulfillment and the more, that as cousin Ella Perley (sister of the brother who has broken the ban) remarks, "this same great grandson has also a Perley boy of his own!"

She also mentions a poetic flight of her grandfather, John Perley. "His nearest neighbor was a Mr. Howe with whom he was on very good terms. One morning her grandfather

went over early to borrow a small hand sled of his friend. Mr. Howe being in bed, he took the sled home, used it, and carried it back. Finding Mr. Howe still in bed, her grandfather tore a leaf from his note book and wrote on it:

Oh Mr. Howe, I tell you now,
Although you are in bed,
That I have used, and not abused,
Your handy little sled."

Great grandfather was English to the backbone, in his convictions concerning "real estate." "That shall go down in the name," quoth he. Accordingly, his broad lands descended to his sons, while to his three daughters went the ordinary "setting up" common to the custom of nearly all nations. And so it fell out that when my dear grandmother Rebecca (whose name I bear) took unto herself the fortunes of Ebenezer, she left behind her "for good and all" the many acres in which she, because *daughter* of her father, was to have neither part nor lot. She carried to her new home, nevertheless, a large birthright of the capacity, thrift, intelligence and sturdy faith which were to make her the true wife and mother to the end of her sixty-five years. Of course this same *exemption* from *acres* befell great Aunt Nancy. We may be sure, however, that the mother-heart in their old home "made haste to remember" her two women children.

I have heard my mother speak of the loving kindness of her grandmother Perley and of the farm treasures which used to find their way into the new Fryeburg homes. Great-grandfather too, would, upon a pinch, lend a hand in money matters, but not unnaturally the two families of his descendants in the line of his daughters, occasionally indulged themselves in the title of "the Disinherited."

IV

GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER FESSENDEN

Among the old family letters, my sister Annie finds one written by Grandsire Ebenezer to Grandma Rebecca before their marriage. It is a quaint, old time letter, which is in curious contrast to a love letter of the present day, but which, for that very reason, is of the greater interest. After information concerning prices of furniture and matters pertaining to their prospective home, the letter runs:

“MY DEAREST FRIEND:—The remainder of the sheet is to be filled, but what shall I write? If I attempt to write for your instruction, will it not be like the pupil teaching his instructress? Should I turn my attention to the immense field of morality and point out its inestimable beauties, you would not be instructed, for you are already the far greater moralist. If I pass into the gay scenes of life and criticize its follies and vanities, you would not be amused, for those puerile transactions find no place in your generous bosom.

If the subject of friendship engross my attention, a theme upon which I could dwell forever, what could I say you do not already know? Should I say it is the offspring of Heaven, the sweetness of life, the tie that binds man to man, and the source from which flow those things which can give zest for real and abiding felicity, all its happy effects upon society, my dear girl, you justly appreciate. Friendship, when properly founded, is undoubtedly a source of much happiness, but alas! how little real friendship do we find! In short, I find no word which is more abused than that of friendship! It is too frequently a cover for the basest of designs. The miser, the politician and the libertine all wear the garb of friendship to steal your unsuspecting confidence, to further their diabolical purposes. We have many friends in prosperity at this day, but few in adversity. While that fickle goddess Fortune smiles on her

votary, the hand of friendship is continually extended, but should she frown we are passed by, unnoticed and unknown. We are all extremely fond of worshipping the rising sun—but enough of this.

Should you think on domestic enjoyment, be assured that reflection is an inmate of him who is now writing you, and it is an idea on which I dwell with peculiar delight. It is that which banishes sorrow and smooths the thorny path of life, and even strews it with flowers unfading. I have often recalled to memory the happy times enjoyed at your social fireside, and often in slumber am I borne on the wings of imagination to your natal mansion where the most pleasurable moments of my life have passed away. But reflection soon rushes on my mind and dispels those joyful sensations as the dew of the morning is dissipated at the appearance of a summer's sun.

Though a conjugal life is that which is best calculated to promote our happiness, still, as I have heard you observe, it is incompetent to confer true felicity. Perfect happiness is not to be found in any situation in life. There is no rose without its thorn, no pleasure without some alloy. Where is that prodigy of one entirely happy? Where is the eye that never glistened with a tear? Not one! We are in a state of imperfection. Genius, talents and the most sublime virtues are ever taxed by humanity with some foibles. The gold of Ophir and the gems of Golconda cease to confer pleasure when in the coffers of him who accumulates only to hoard.

Give my best regards to your friends. Pray write me a line by Nancy, and believe me, as ever, with unalienated affection, yours in sincerity,

E. FESSENDEN.

MISS R. PERLEY, BRIDGETON."

It was in 1831 that my grandfather Fessenden's religious outlook suddenly changed. He was by nature skeptical, and found it difficult to believe in the divinity of Christ.

The following extracts from a letter written to my mother, who was making a visit in Bridgeton, tells her of the radical change in his feelings:

It seems to me that he turned with an uncommon tenderness to this oldest daughter. "I cannot forbear," he says,

"to write you a line by your uncle to let you know that you are not forgotten by your father. No, my dear child, you are interwoven with every fibre of my heart. Nothing but a belief that in your temporary absence from us, your own interest, and perhaps happiness, are promoted, could induce me to be separated from you."

After speaking of the uncommon religious interest in the town, he adds:

"I allude to the extraordinary interposition of Divine Providence in behalf of many of the people of this town in sending His Holy Spirit to (open?) our benighted eyes, and I hope, to guide us into all truth. The change is truly astonishing. Love to God and good will to man, seem to pervade the breasts of many, while many are enquiring what they shall do to be saved. Of particulars your uncle will inform you. And now, my dear child, what shall I say to you when I come to speak of myself. I dare not say the Spirit of God has effectually strove with me, but this much with truth I can say, my views are in some things wholly changed. I hope I have done forever with speculating upon divine things. No good can come of it, but much evil. We have but a short time to live at longest, and that time is more than thrown away that is spent in caviling at the sacred word of God. We are all sinners, and unholy, and our whole exertion should be in prayer to God that He would give us new hearts, holy affections and pure love to Him and His Divine Son, whom to know and love aright is life eternal. Oh, that all our dear family may find this pearl of infinite price, and that when we come to die we may all rejoice a family in Heaven.

Nine children!

Anna, Elizabeth, "the first Enoch," Caleb, Huldah, the second Enoch, William, Charles, Edward.

These were the "olive branches" that gladdened the hearts of my grandfather and grandmother. In 1814, Grandfather Fessenden was drafted among those who were to serve in the defense of Portland harbor. The following letter written from "Fort Burrows" gives his impression of the national affairs of the time, and makes us realize how human experience, individual and universal, ever "repeats itself":

PORTLAND, October 16, 1814.

MY BELOVED WIFE:—An opportunity presenting by Mr. Deblois, it is eagerly embraced to write to one who has every claim to my tenderest affection. When I at last left home, it was with a regret I knew not how well to suppress, but as the call was imperious no alternative was left me. I jogged on with a heart not the lightest and arrived at Esq. Pierce's about two o'clock, where I was cordially entertained for two hours. It is an agreeable family. I proceeded to Standish and arrived at Mrs. Thompson's about dark, very much fatigued and somewhat unwell.

Mrs. Thompson immediately warmed my bed which I was glad to occupy.

I started at four in the morning and got into Portland about ten; repaired to Fort Burrows, where I have since remained. I received your kind letter by Mr. Gamage and words are too feeble to express the pleasure I felt in its perusal, as you told me that your health was considerably good and also that of our dear children; that Joseph had arrived, and that you expected Sir, Huldah and our dear Ann to visit you immediately; that Huldah and Joseph would tarry with you until I should return, which will probably be the last of this month, God permitting. You mentioned that you had it in contemplation to come to P. in a chaise when my time shall have expired and go home with me, an undertaking, should you think it practicable, I should most delight in. I cannot now state the exact time when I shall be free from bondage, but I think it will be the last of October. My health has been tolerably good since I came here, but you are sensible that a life of bustle and confusion is not agreeable to my feelings. And amidst the gaiety with which I am sometimes surrounded, my heart is a stranger to joy. I board at Major Weeks and find Mrs. Weeks to be an agreeable woman. I lodge at Mr. Jordan's, close to the fort. The family are very kind and frequently Mrs. Jordan takes a motherly care of me. Every prospect of peace has faded away and the country is in a most deplorable situation. There is every prospect that war may continue five or even ten years. You may see by this week's paper a list of taxes about to be adopted which must be excessively burdensome, even for our boots and shoes we must pay a tax. It will be truly distressing.

The Legislature of this state has taken high ground. It is about to raise an army of ten thousand men, and has appointed delegates to meet in convention of the N. by states, to take some measures, if possible, to relieve our distress. What will be the result, time will discover. The present is a most gloomy day for our country and destruction seems to be at the door. I think I shall be able to return in time to make the cider, and think your calculation with respect to Seneca, a good one.

I think I shall be able to get on without any more clothes, but if I should want more, will let you know. Give my regards to all the neighbors and love to all our friends; to Marm Joseph, and Huldah, should she be with you. Kiss our dear little girls for me and believe me with the most sincere affection,

Your husband,

EBENE'R. FESSENDEN.

MRS. REBECCA FESSENDEN.

In the year 1822, the new house opposite the parsonage was built and the household Penates again set up.

The story comes down to us of Aunt Huldah, then two years of age, who assisted at the moving by carrying from the old to the new house, a tin gill cup. Having seen it safely deposited in the new quarters, she considered her duty accomplished.

One laughs at the droll picture, but there is a suggestion in it that is "akin to tears," for the energetic baby was the prototype of the aftertime woman, whose sense of responsibility in helping along the work of the world and unflinching effort "to lend a hand" were never lacking.

Such a family as grew up in the Old Yellow!

Grandfather, the farmer, with his real tastes elsewhere, gathered his boys and girls together of winter evenings and read aloud, while Grandmother and the daughters mended and patched and knit. "The Great Unknown," "Waverly," was surprising the world in those days and arousing conjecture as to whom he might be. It goes without saying, that Grandfather held the children entranced, while he read them the poems of "The Wizard of the North" and later, Scott's novels, as they appeared.

Grandma Rebecca was the only grandparent whom I remember. I can see her this minute—a woman rather small of stature, her hair of a soft brown which had few silver threads in it when she died. She was a trim, ladylike, intelligent little person, efficient and with that New England “faculty” which rendered her the mainstay of the household, in planning for the needs of its inmates.

The family cherished one anecdote concerning the admiration she elicited from a demented old woman. This



GRANDMOTHER REBECCA.

harmless creature tramped over the country side and dropped in occasionally upon Grandmother, after she came to Fryeburg to live. (I suppose she knew her first as a young woman in Bridgeton.)

She had adopted the custom of attaching to her own name, that of any character, historic or otherwise, which she considered admirable. Of consequence, her appellations, male and female, had become numerous and ran somewhat as follows (I may mistake their order) :

“Bathsheba Nobles, Washington Winslow, Queen of Sheba, Washington Bollivar, Emperor of Russia, Queen

of Hungayry, and None-so-pretty Perley." (The last named, being my grandmother.) So much for the affectionate fancy of a crazed brain.

A maid was kept in the farmhouse, but "what was" she "among so many?" With spinning and weaving, sewing, knitting and mending, butter and cheese making, house care and baby care, filling the mouths of the family, and the larger mouths of "the hired men," who helped with the farm work, and the extra force employed at haying and harvesting time—there seemed never a pause in the work, especially of the women.

A letter written by my grandmother Rebecca to her sister Huldah in Bridgeton gives one a little idea of the "strenuous life" of those days.

I infer that Grandma's visit, to which she alludes, is one made to her old home. Probably her poor old wagon was bringing home the "turnips" and other comfortable produce from great Grandpa Perley's fine farm. There is something forlorn yet funny in the picture of her scramble after the receding vegetables, and her Perley pluck found ample exercise in the persistent patching which kept the ramshackle vehicle from utter disintegration.

FRYEBURG, November 19.

MY DEAR HULDAH:—I shall firstly inform you that I arrived safe and sound and then go on to describe my ride minutely to you, as I know it will not be uninteresting.

I got Mr. P. to put in a board, but on examination we found that no one was lacking, but the boards not being confined one had nearly slipped out of place. He nailed them down as he supposed, but on going down the hill this side of Major Berry's, the old horse took it into his head to be a little waggish and ran considerably faster than I wished. This frightened me some, but discomposed the bottom of the vehicle so much that I found myself at the bottom of the hill rather in disorder, with my turnips strewn for some considerable distance. I went back and picked up as many as I could, while I dared to leave my horse. I then jogged on at a slower pace after adjusting the bottom of the wagon, feeling thankful for uphill rather than down. When I got to the mill, my harness broke and I found Chloe's strings convenient. With them I mended my strap, borrowing an

awl at Mrs. Alexander's. I soon after was overtaken by Captain Joshua Osgood, who politely told me he would be my company over the river, and assist me, as I should need some help.

When at Mrs. Howe's, I stopt long enough to nail my wagon bottom, and from that time, met with no more difficulty on that score, but regretted losing some of those good turnips, which I did, as the board would frequently slip back of me and would remain so some distance before I could possibly know it. When at the bridge we found each end, the plank laid endways for want of a ——— (?) wide enough to admit my carriage. Capt. O. took out the horse and drew the wagon over himself. From that time, nothing material occurred. About half past three I arrived. Do not suppose, my dear sister, I once regretted my visit. By no means, though the road was much worse for a carriage than expected. If I could once think this narrative would give you any uneasiness I should not have written the particulars. This week we have made apple sauce in the — kettle (Note.—I think this missing word is probably "brass."—R. P. R.) with wonderful success. Tell Chloe we made as much as last year, in one day and never burnt it in the least. Hitty and I have finished my wool. Next week I shall complete the weaving. As the week after is Thanksgiving, I shall give myself up to it, and the week after that, shall take Mrs. Hopkins and send it by that post. I thought I should finish my letter to Nancy, but I have been writing to Mary and it has made it so late that I cannot. Tell Nancy that she must certainly come at Thanksgiving. I shall expect her if the weather is pleasant. Do come yourself, H., for company. Mr. F. sends much love to you all, and says, Nancy and you, he should be rejoiced to see, at the above time; the day before, I shall look some for Nancy—I cannot help it—Joseph has a small bundle for her from me. My dutiful respect to Sir and Marm. Love to all and accept a large share from

YOUR SISTER REBECCA.

P. S.—Elizabeth has had quite an ill turn since I came home but is better now. Anna, too, has not been as well as usual but is now quite smart. Marm is going to leave us in a few days. She wishes me to say—"Give my best

love to Huldah." Anna, too, comes—"Give mine, too." Chloe will, I hope, always accept of mine, whether expressed or not.

Here are extracts from two letters to this same sister, Huldah, which refer to her dear first baby, my mother :

SUNDAY, November 30.

DEAR HULDAH:—My little Anne has just fallen asleep which gives me an opportunity for writing a few lines.
* * * Anne grows finely and is willing to let James hold her when I milk, which is some help to me. Mary says she grows quite interesting and handsomer every day. I think Chloe would not suspect her to be the same child she was when she was here. Anne is crying. I must quit my pen.

YOUR SISTER REBECCA.

Kiss Susan, Mary, etc., etc. Tell Susan I shall bring almost a beauty to see her.

MY GOOD SISTER:—The toils of the day have in a measure subsided. I have seated myself to give you a short account of my proceedings since I left your mansion. My dappled nag brought me home like a fly, with the greatest ease to myself and Anna P., who sometimes rode with me. She was as happy as you ever saw any little creature, talking and laughing, and did not appear the least fatigued, but when I got home I carelessly stripped off too many of her clothes. She took a great cold and was so sick that I had to hold her all the next week in my arms. She is well now and is very good, and we have great reason to be thankful, for just such a time as we have had here, I think you never saw. * * *

REBECCA F.

A story has come down of my grandmother Rebecca and her thrifty device for supplying her neighbor with one of the luxuries of the day.

North of the Old Yellow, on the other side of the road, stood the humble home of the Dresser family. The little old weather-beaten house did not lack its feeble charms. At one of its windows, sat the granddame, to whom occasionally, the children carried some unaccustomed dainty. My mother has many a time mentioned the beauty of the "scarlet runners" which climbed the dingy walls and seemed to her a very glory of adornment. But once past the thresh-

hold of the house, all charm, I am sure, vanished, for its inmates were very poor and very shiftless. The home swarmed with dirty children. Doubtless the incubus of poverty and discouragement well nigh crushed out all ambition to better home habits. Still they did not deaden the sharpness of wit, which upon occasion was evidenced by Mrs. Dresser.

This was in the early days when foreign luxuries "cost money." The "Boston tea party" was not far in the past and the tea cannister was not even then to be regarded, except with deference.

It not unnaturally or infrequently happened that the Dresser family's stock of tea ran low. In such a case some one of her scions was apt to appear at Grandma's door with the request from his "Ma" that she give her "a drawing of tea."

Of course Grandmother could not decline so simple an act of neighborliness, so "Granny Dresser" and the rest rejoiced in "the cup which cheers but not inebriates" and were easy in their minds as to future needs. Mrs. Dresser, to be sure, was particular to always pay her debts, carefully drying said tea leaves after as many "drawings" as seemed desirable and sending them back to "Squire Fessenden's," so that accounts were thus "kept even."

However, borrowings became so frequent that Grandma at last decided to appropriate a tea cannister to the sole use of the Dresser household. Into this receptacle, she poured all payments on the running debt and when a fresh *loan* was made, its supply came from this store.

For a time all went well, but "there is a point beyond which" silence is no longer a virtue, and at last the messenger was bidden to suggest that Mrs. Fessenden's tea was not up to its accustomed standard. "However that may be," was her ingenuous response, "you may tell your mother that I always send you the tea which you returned to me."

Of the nine Fessenden children, all save one grew to maturity and even to old age.

"The first little Enoch," as he was tenderly called, went to Heaven at four years of age. A quaint ring containing a soft little plait of his shining hair belonged to Grandmother. Later, it was given by her to my mother who, before

she left us, gave it to me because I bore Grandma's name. I still have it in my keeping.

Grandfather Eben possessed (in common with the Fessendens generally) a keen sense of humor which helped to lighten the prosaic work of his everyday life. Droll stories come down to us, of his interviews with two men of the neighborhood who came to the farm as extra help at haying and harvest time. They were very illiterate fellows—heavy and dull of perception and as incapable as need be, of seeing through Grandfather's solemn fun. He had dubbed them "Major Welsh" and "Governor Heath." They accepted their titles with complaisancy and came to be recognized by them on the farm. One day Grandfather told them that he had a question which he wished to submit for their decision. They gave him their attention, while he proposed it. "To what height may the human figure be augmented, keeping it's similarity of figure, before it perish of its own weight?" There was a little silence, when one of the men exclaimed, "You dog, Neb, that's Latin!" The other, not at all daunted by so abstract an inquiry, drew himself up with great deliberation and oracularly declared, "Well, I should say about a mejum!"

I believe (but am not sure) that it was one of these same titled gentlemen who was accustomed to refer to "the omniverous part of the shovel," as indicating an unjust distribution of labor. At all events, the saying has been used by the family ever since with a like application; and also another, when an extended range of thought is under consideration, viz.: "Optical senses and tactical fancies!" It is curious how absurd phrases, if backed by family circumstances, push their way into permanent recognition.

A certain showman who periodically appeared at Grandpa's door, was given to enumerating the attractions of his exhibit and noting the acquisition of any new feature. During one visit, he produced a plaster cast, introducing it to the family by the remark, "The small addition of a woman's hand." Down through three generations has come the formula, applicable in certain connections, and recognized as coming from this far-away showman. Verily, in what lowly places dwelleth immortality!

Aunt Elizabeth Clement Fessenden was next younger than my mother. The two sisters were very unlike, and,

as is often the case, were especially near and dear to each other, *because* of this unlikeness. Though so nearly of her own age, Aunt Lizzie loved her older sister with an enduring affection and respect which deferred to her judgment and followed in her lead in quite unquestioning fashion.

And with a strong devoted love did "Anne" return her affection, making "straight paths" for the more hesitating steps of the younger sister. Aunt Lizzie was fair haired and rosy. She differed in type from the others whose hair was darker. She must have been very pretty as a young girl and woman. Sweetness of nature was recognized in the family as her especial gift, and her love for and devotion to her friends was very strong. Nature gave her a musical voice and the two sisters sang together as harmoniously as they worked. She writes pleasant letters to "Anne" of the visits of the kin, as when she speaks of Cousin Pitt's coming with his new wife to the Old Yellow:

AUGUST, 1832.

We had an excellent visit from Pitt and "Elling." They came Tuesday to Uncle G.'s before dinner. They were not quite ready to receive them but it made not the least difference. She was just as easy as if she had always lived there. Suffice it to say, we all like her very much. She really seems quite like a cousin. She was very sorry you were not at home. She wished to see you and me very much. I think you will like her. I cannot see the least thing about her stiff, greatly dignified or haughty. Her manners are some like E. Longfellow's—rather more pleasing I think.

Some interesting letters from Grandmother Fessenden to her two elder daughters at Greenfield, and from Aunt Lizzie to Mother when she was in Portland, give glimpses of the home life and the daily goings and comings of the household. Both mother and daughter note the uncommon scholarship of Enoch, whose love of verse so early developed.

Extracts from letters of Aunt Lizzie to Mother, in Portland:

MY DEAR, DEAR SISTER:—Aunt Griswold arrived Wednesday evening and brought the bundle for which your brothers and sisters feel much obliged.

* * * We go on much as we did summer before last. Huldah and the boys go to school—ride from home. They like the school very much. Enoch studies the languages—is in the first class in English grammar. Huldah, the same as when she commenced school, with the addition of philosophy. William studies grammar, chemistry and arithmetic. Enoch and Russell Chase are the farthest advanced in the languages of any in the school except William Barrows and Timothy Osgood, and H. says that E. and W. are the best speakers in the school by all odds. Now, Anne, if this letter should chance to be opened by any one but yourself, what would people think of this boasting? I fear I take pride—*too much pride*—in these brothers of mine. Mr. M. told Russell he must watch E. or he would go on to his own destruction—would injure himself by too close application. I never have yet seen another such go-ahead boy as he is. There is some encouragement in educating such a boy as E.

I have kept school eleven weeks when this has expired. The first Sabbath in July was an important day in the history of my life. It was then I joined myself with the professed people of God—took upon myself vows never to be broken. But I cannot help exclaiming every day, “Who is sufficient for these things?” I need your prayers and those of all good people that I may be kept from the ensnaring evils of the world and enabled to serve and love my God and Saviour better than ever I have yet done.

May I ask, have you had a letter from *Dr. Pag* yet? And if you have, how is he and what did he say to you? Now you know these interrogations are put for you to answer in your next letter, if disposed. I never tease you on this subject, and in fact I have never had much occasion, for you have satisfied my desires as far as you thought you could consistently, I believe. How do you now feel about going to B. to live? We are anxious to hear all.

I heard the other day from Pembroke, N. H., that I had had the offer of the hand of Major Ward and had been so unwise as to refuse it. Do not wonder if you see my marriage in the paper before you return.

Mrs. Matilda Plant is in town. We expect her here Tuesday with Cousin Mary O. Barrows to spend two or three days. She is a poor forlorn damsel, or woman, who

had a Dr. tied to her and then was obliged to suffer his unkindness and abuse, all for the sake of "getting married out of this troublesome world." Do not be offended, sister A., I am only in jest. I can assure you I mean to draw no comparisons. But this is the way of the world you know.

I wish I could just step into your boarding house unseen and hear you play some of your fine tunes on the piano. I shall petition *Dr. Pag* to get an instrument for you to play on before you go to Brewer. Oh! it seems as long as six months since you left us, yet this is not even the beginning of your absence. I cannot reflect on that—the thought is too painful. I suppose in that great house there may be a retreat prepared for a double and twisted old maid, and therein perhaps you may put your sister Elizabeth. The folks, all as one, send love—lots of love to you—enough to make this letter subject to a double postage. We feared by what we casually heard that you were kept very short in your boarding house, as to food. Write us all in your next letter. Good night, my dear sister, and accept the love of your ever loving sister,

ELIZABETH C. FESSENDEN.

Letter from Grandmother Fessenden to Mother and Aunt Lizzie at Greenfield:

MARCH 12, 1836.

DEAR ANNA AND ELIZABETH:—I feel that I cannot devote an hour half so pleasantly as in writing to you, my dear children, for when writing to you my mind is more closely fixed on you than when engaged in any other way. I sometimes think I wish more to see you than *it is possible* for you to wish to see us here, but my *reason* and sober judgment tell me this is not the case, when I take into view your very affectionate feelings for all your friends and more especially our own dear family circle. We have been for some time counting the weeks for your return, which we thought would be sooner than we expect it can be. Since the arrival of Dr. Page we have come to the conclusion that it is best you should go to New York. He is anxious for it. I made bold to object on account of further expense to him. He said it had always been his wish and still was, that you should go there. He did hope to have gone on to Greenfield and accompanied you there, but his unexpected call here, he feared would prevent it, as it is now sickly in

Brewer and may remain so. He passed last night with us. We were rejoiced to see him in Freyburg at this time, particularly on your account, as we did not exactly know his wishes and plans respecting you. We find that owing to wrong impressions, he supposed your term would not expire till nearly May and was not apprised until lately to the contrary. If you have no other company it is probable that Mr. J. at New Haven may put you under the care of some friend or acquaintance on board the boat. Are there not young ladies in your school going there? Your Uncle Joseph says there was a directory on the boat he went in, where he instantly found where your Uncle Thomas lived. He said there were so many hacks ready for the passengers it was difficult to resist their invitations, but the best method was to secure your baggage and not hurry at all in your movements until some of the crowd had dispersed. You perhaps will laugh at my particular directions, but be assured, should you undertake it without gentlemen or protector, I must feel some anxiety for you.

There is some probability that Mr. Page, of Bridgeton, will go and attend the anniversaries. If so, you will have his company to Portland. Dr. Nelson says that he thinks Mr. Lewis, of B., or Mr. Pomeroy, of Bangor, will, one or other, certainly be there. In case of this there can be no difficulty in your having good company home. It may not be best for you to go to Brattleborough, as you must lose your company to New Haven. I should like much to have had you gone there had it been consistent with circumstances. But I must leave these, to me, very interesting subjects, hoping and trusting that I can commit you to the direction and protection of that Being who will mark out your paths and return you in His own good time to the embrace of your friends. We had last Saturday, this day week, a visit from Mr. Merrill, R. Chase, S. Barrows, H. Griswold. It is quite refreshing to us to see my old friends. It is so seldom that we have any company. Believe me, it was six weeks that not one individual was here to eat or drink. You will perhaps say it is well, as Huldah and I are destitute of help. We live easy, with only seven in family, the four weeks past. H. has a little time to read, and you would be surprised to see the fertility of Enoch's mind in writing poetry. He is constantly writing, and it

is excellent. Yesterday he composed eleven stanzas of six lines each, after dinner before sunset, on Mr. Thompson, his treatment here and return to England. This will be preserved, so that you will see it. Huldah, we find, is quite a poet.* Charles, I hope has a vein for this. Edward writes prose. Have the sum stipulated with the hackman (in New York) for how much he will convey you to your Uncle's, or he will take great advantage of you. Fifty cents was what he gave. May the winds and waves be propitious and you arrive in safety.

Your affectionate mother,

R. FESSENDEN.

The charms of this fair-haired Elizabeth were early discovered by a certain young man from "the village"—a tall, dark youth—one Timothy Ward, who in due time won her heart and hand and in 1841, after Grandpa Fessenden's death, took in charge the old farm where they lived for several years after Grandmother's departure, when the place was sold and the Ward household moved to the village.

Aunt Lizzie's husband was known to all "us children" of the next generation, as "Uncle Major." (I think his title came to him in a volunteer militia company of his day, though I am not sure.)

I shall always remember my excitement in watching for "Uncle Major" when the Portland stage stopped at the Oxford House or "the corner" and mother with one or all of her brood, were of its passengers. How glad we were when we saw "the old Wiley" (the family horse) down the long street with "Uncle Major" to the fore.

Then came the three mile ride to the hill through the twilight and the sweet breathed woods, the cordial glad greeting and the indescribable delights of the visits that form memories as perfect as any that life gives us.

Two fair baby girls came to this uncle and aunt and left them early. Three children grew up in old Fryeburg; Henry, of my sister Annie's age, who, after years of feeble health, renewed the strength of his young manhood in the heavenly country, Mary, (Mrs. Usher W. Cults, of Orange, N. J.) and William F., the musician par excellence of our

*I see this and I can't help saying it is perfect nonsense—not true. H.

house, who discourses the harmonies of the Masters, and his own as well, and leads his pupils along melodious ways. His home is with his sister and her husband, the "Cousin Usher," whom we all "delight to honor," as our *very own* cousin! In the upper hall of their house, stands the Grandfather Fessenden clock, ticking away the hours as steadily, as relentlessly, as when it noted the days in the north bedroom of the "Old Yellow." This clock has double associations to the Ward Cousins, for their paternal grandfather *made* it. He was "a workman who needeth not be ashamed." He did his work in a day when men built clocks as well as houses to last for generations.

In a recent letter, Mary speaks of the dear days of our childhood, and reminds us of the family visits, and the "sings" that our fathers and mothers had together. She especially remembers one Sunday afternoon when the four sat down together and made up a quartette for the setting forth of the old "fugue" tunes in whose minor melodies their souls delighted!

Ah! such memories, to her and to me, bring our hearts into our throats, since the swift thought follows, that the four singers have passed on into the membership of the chorus "that no man can number!" Back to the associations of their old home these Orange cousins go every summer! The great congregation of the hills compels them, the river and the intervale, the very stones of the street draw them. The air is full of memories, and the silent assembly, under the watch of "Jockey-Cap," awaits, unchanged, their coming!

No experiences of later years, whatever their fullness of privilege, inviting to highways of Literature, Art or Religion, can win their hearts from "the strength of the hills," and "the ways the Fathers trod."

After "Uncle Major's" going, Aunt Lizzie and William went to Orange, to her children, Usher and Mary, and it was in their home that the gentle loving heart rested from its work. Her dust, also, was taken back to the family resting place, where that of her husband awaited its coming.
* * * I copy a letter which Aunt Lizzie wrote Aunt Huldah, during a visit in Philadelphia with her Cousin Mrs. Blake:

ORANGE, March 12th, '79.

MY DEAR HULDAH: This is a delightful "spring morning." How much that meant to us in the old times, when after the snows and blows of our severe northern winter, the sun and winds of thawy March gave us a foretaste of coming warm weather, sugar-time, with its usual social festivities, the delightful odor of bare ground, etc., etc.

Oh, it still gives me a thrill of pleasure, although it seems about one hundred years ago, sometimes, when I look back to those old days. Notwithstanding these experiences, I don't *feel old* and can't well believe that my years number sixty-five "and upwards."

When I met our kinswoman E. Blake, the other day, in the dépôt in Philadelphia, her smile and greeting were so like those of many years ago, that I could not, for the moment, realize we were not girls again, together. She reminds me very strongly, as she grows older, of Anne—in very many ways—in look and manner, I mean—a positive and prompt way of doing things, which reminded me of yourself—that's *Perley* of course, in you and Anne, which, mingled with a preponderance of Fessenden in your feelings and mental caliber, makes you very passable, in your ancient sister's estimation, at least. I had not seen Elizabeth for three years before coming to Orange. She wrote me a year or more since, to come and see her, and wrote Anne to go with me to Cohasset when I went to Chelsea on my way here last fall, but we were prevented. I wrote her that I would go after New Years, and set the day that she might meet me (being a stranger in the city) at the station. She wrote me at once, and assured me of a cordial welcome. That very night she was attacked with acute rheumatism, one hand being (for the time) useless. After she recovered, she sent me word to come as soon as I could, and in a day or two I started and reached Philadelphia safely, E. meeting me at the station. We proceeded to her house, where we found Mrs. Raymond, who received me very cordially. Mr. Raymond is still in Chicago. He is preaching to a church there during his winter vacation, returning to Williams College, where he goes again this spring. His wife was with him all the first of the winter returning to P. on account of her mother's sickness, the little girl, "Perley," five years old, being left with her

Grandma Blake during her mother's absence. Mary R. does all she can for her mother's happiness.

I found Doctor Tom there. He started for Jamaica in January, got as far as Philadelphia, was down sick for a number of days, but has recovered and decided to come back with me and make us a little visit. Mr. Blake was away in Pittsburg, where he has been attending to business most of the winter, so I did not see him. Cousin E. enquired for you and yours's, with a good deal of interest. She would have been real glad to have a visit from yourself with me. Also to see the girls, your daughters. Cousin E. said to me, "I have not seen Huldah for many years. She was a number of years younger than we, giving sister Huldah's age. I would be right glad to know her as a cousin again." I enjoyed my visit there, talking over the old days of our childhood and early life.

Her house is very elegant in all its appointments and very handsomely furnished throughout. There are stained glass windows in the large entrance hall, which extends up four stories to the top of the tower, which commands a fine look, off over the city.

The weather was unpleasant every day but two of the ten, of my visit. Sunday, E., Mrs. R. and I went to a church about three miles away. Here, Albert Barnes used to minister many years ago. It is one of the oldest Presbyterian Churches in P., but not the one where they usually worship, which is nearer their home.

One of the fair days we spent delightfully in the Academy of Fine Arts, and another in old Independence Hall. Elizabeth wanted me to remain longer, to see more than I had done (because of the light snow storms every day). I enjoyed it, *in doors*, reading the old letters I carried on, found in the "Chloe" chest. E. and Dr. Tom were much interested in these, E. remembering many of the characters who wrote them. "Rosalinda," she said, lived down "at the foot of the Pond," in Naples, for many years after her remembrance, having married Oliver Pierce. They were much interested also, in the letters of our grandmother P. and all the Flint and Putnam connections.

Many thanks for your letter which I had so long looked for in vain. Glad of all the good news it contained of the health and happiness of the friends at 148 Chandler Street.

Our plans for the summer are not yet made. Only, I shall probably go to the dear old town. Shall of course board, while there, my own house being in possession of others. Had a postal from Charles recently—the first in his own hand, since my husband's death.

Our love to you always.

Affectionately,

E. C. W———.

Like all villages, Fryeburg has its histories and anecdotes, and curiously enough, they come to their resurrection after many years, and in strange connections. Upon one of the village streets, hung, in the early days, a sign bearing the pretentious statement, "David Davidson, Tailor from London." Whatever may have been his skill in his chosen craft, he certainly did *not* embody some of the *domestic virtues*, which, though *homely*, the world has been wont to count of value. Being generously given to his "cups," and roused to great ferocity thereby, his poor, inoffensive, frightened little wife became the scapegoat of his abuse. His mother-in-law, who also formed one of the household, was present during one of these brutal attacks. Standing by, she watched the onset, making no attempt to rescue the victim, but piously ejaculated, as the blows fell, "Patience Lorany! Patience, my dear child! Patience is the best garment that you can put on! Lorany, Lorany, the Lord God Omnipotent, reigneth!" Regarding the effect of this adjuration upon the poor little wife, report saith not, but here comes the application (of the old lady's pious sermon) a century later, more or less, *in New York City!* Dr. Parkhurst, of reformer fame, in conversation with Cousin Mary Cutts, regarding city philanthropies, and the abuses and iniquities wherewith his soul is exercised, was treated by her—so she wrote me—to this old Fryeburg "yarn." He was greatly amused thereat, and admitted, doubtless, that notwithstanding the desperate outrages of that "great and wicked city,"—still, "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" Of David Davidson, we "know no more than the *graves* in their dead" (as some Fryeburg character was wont, in a somewhat *misplaced* way, to remark), but David's *deeds* are with us, and do not cease "to point a moral and adorn a tale!"

A well-known character of Fryeburg village, whose face rises before me as I write, was one "Aunt Robert Bradley," as she was often called. Her husband's family was one of the most influential in the town, and this old lady did not relegate herself to any *humble* place therein, you may be sure. She was a "character" in her way, a little, sprightly creature, even in her old age, as active as a cricket. She had a habit of self-immolation, which was very funny, in that the object of her self-denial was pretty sure to be informed thereof. Your grandma Page tells the story of a neighborhood meeting, held, I think, at Mrs. Bradley's house. It was a cool evening, and the house was a little chilly. After the meeting was over, the old lady turned to Mother, and in a tone of concern remarked, "I hope dear, you haven't been cold. I've been sitting all the evening in the draught so that *you shouldn't feel it!*"

She was sensitive upon the subject of her age, which she did not care to divulge. Upon one occasion, some one desirous of ascertaining to how many years she had attained, determined that he would inquire at headquarters. It was on a Sunday noon. The accustomed groups of men and women were talking in the "entry" of the "meeting house" when Mr. X—, strong in purpose, approached "Aunt Robert," and, after a proper exchange of civilities, said: "How *old* might you be, Mrs. Bradley?" The keen little old lady was not so easily caught.

"I *might* be a hundred!" she responded, which reply, I infer, concluded the conversation. So far as I know, the community was never the wiser as to Mrs. Bradley's age. It remained, as some Fryeburg worthy was wont to declare upon occasion, "a mesteree—a redde!"

Dear Aunt Huldah! Her girl life at the hill house passed in the efficient doing of that which her "hand found to do." She was a little woman, even in childhood, like my mother, whom she resembled in person and in many characteristics. This resemblance increased with their years and was sometimes almost startling. They had the same energy, the same ready decision, the same Fessenden demonstrativeness, the same "courage of their convictions," and their voices were so alike that I sometimes could not say which was speaking.

Aunt H.'s first composition has come down to her children. Its subject—"On Contentment." It is a paraphrase of the didactic reflections with which the adults of that day were wont to apostrophize the cardinal virtues.

I wish that I could reproduce upon these pages the copper-plate penmanship of this wee maid. It seems incredible that characters so like engraving *could* have been executed by so almost a baby. But it bears her signature, and down at one corner, in her woman's handwriting, runs the memorandum—"First composition—seven years." This document is free from the criticism made by Cousin Laura Chase concerning some family documents which leave no clue as to the time of their writing. "The soul-trying omissions of sundry of our kin," she remarks, "who dated their most precious communications 'Tuesday, 3d,' or something equally enlightening. We are left to our own mathematical calculations in such cases, aided by veiled allusions to 'little Sarah's swollen gums,' or 'rosy Allan's fat cheeks.' " Which, oh Laura, only goes to show how little "count" our forbears placed on the interest with which we of this later generation should regard their every day doings!

I remember how my mother told the story of little Aunt Huldah's knitting. Of course the winter evenings on the hill, found plenty of work awaiting any willing hands of matron or maid, but as the old clock ticked off the hours, Aunt Huldah's fingers knit more and more slowly, and her tired eyes closed in the persuasive light and warmth of the great fire-place.

Evening after evening her experience was the same, but every time, it seemed to come with a fresh surprise to the small knitter, which she voiced in the same exclamation, varied only by the word emphasized:

"I *don't* see why I am so sleepy this evening," or "I don't see *why* I'm so sleepy," or "I don't see why I am so *sleepy*!"

You may be sure that seven brothers and sisters did not miss the fun of teasing little Huldah regarding the matter.

The following quaint little epistle is written to my Aunt Huldah by her cousin, Huldah Perley, a sister of Cousin Elizabeth (Blake). The congratulation upon a residence in the mad whirl of excitement which Fr^yburg maintained, as compared with Bridgeton, is very funny.

BRIDGETON, April 5, 1833.

DEAR COUSIN H.:—I congratulate you upon living in a town where there is some business going on. Here there is a dull routine to go over and over again. We have nothing to stir us, as you have. Oh, I have some news for you. Mrs. Deborah Fessenden* has a little girl. Only think what a rejoicing there will be! Do write to me and tell me what has happened at F. You do not write to me ever. Burn this as soon as read. My love to Mary, and so a good bye from your

Cousin HULDAH.

The following extract from a letter of Aunt Huldah's to Mother and Aunt Lizzie at Greenfield, tells the story of a sleigh ride in much the same spirit which would mark a similar account at the present day:

MONDAY EVE., the 21st."

(December, 1835.) "When we were seated before a blazing fire attending to sewing, knitting, reading, etc., around the work stand, F. R. Chase was ushered in. He came upon express business, which was to invite me to ride to Shattagee the next eve. There was to be a general turnout, with Caleb and company—twelve couples. I accordingly accepted the invite and Caleb, after "consideration," told R, that Providence permitting he would gallant a lady.

Accordingly, the next eve, we all set sail from Mrs. Osgood's in three companies. First company—William Osgood and S. Eastman, James McMillan and Miss More (music teacher), Major Ward and Elizabeth Adams, Joshua Osgood and S. Hill. Second company—Isaac Abbott and Cousin Lucia G., Caleb and Hannah G., John Souther and C. A. Briswell, Thomas Souther and Hannah Page, R. Chase and myself. Third company—Merrill and A. Chase, Timothy Osgood and S. Chase, Henry — and Emily Dana (if you have not patience to read these names, omit them.)

We arrived at Adams' Hotel at 7, took supper at 9, which was served in grandest style. It consisted of turkeys, ham and tongue, with all the necessary sauces and tarts, and eight kinds of cake, together with an elegant dessert of raisins, nuts, peppermints, etc., etc. This, as nearly

*Uncle Samuel Fessenden's wife. This baby was the twelfth child and first daughter.

as I can recollect, was the amount. At 11, we set sail, arriving at home at 1 o'clock.

You will be glad to hear that C. is growing quite gallant. He went up to the village, called at the Academy, and invited his lady. 'He really conducted himself with the greatest propriety.'

But I have written enough upon this subject. Have you had a letter from Brewer, and is the Dr. going to Philadelphia? Have you concluded to go to New York? You have heard, I suppose, of the dreadful fire in that city. From the account, none of Uncle Thomas' buildings were consumed, his office being on Wall Street, and his house No. 92 Grand. How providential!

Our church music has been growing decidedly worse and worse since you went away, and now it has got to this pass. Last Sabbath there was no one to sit at the head but myself, Anna Weston and Clarissa Weston, Merrill, Major and Russell Page for bass. You can judge of the music! Abbott and Charles have left the gallery, because the singing was so bad. Don't I deserve your pity? Singing meetings have been proposed by some; others say "No, because the Misses Fessenden are not here." This is the true state of the case.

I was told that Alex. sits below with his lady love, and laughs at the discord and jargon of those who inhabit the gallery."

Then, as now, the high art of music was one to be approached most advisedly. It is declared to have "charms," but it also is capable of setting its devotees "by the ears" and arousing sentiments anything but fraternal!

Accompanying this letter of Aunt Huldah's is a note from Uncle William—a youth of perhaps some fifteen years. His moral reflections upon the privileges of his sisters (in Greenfield) sound very wise and funny for "one of his age."

DEAR SISTERS:—You know my utter inability to compose, more especially as Huldah has written everything which is worth telling. One thing, however, I think will interest you, because you are anxious that we boys should read aloud. We have read *Ivanhoe*, *Peveril of the Peak*, and we are now reading "*Rob Roy*." Enoch is reading "*Modern Europe*," I am reading *Scott's Essays* and Pa thinks of buy-

ing Rollins' Ancient History to read evenings, because he thinks we ought to read more history than we have done. My thoughts often wander to Greenfield, where I see you with every advantage necessary to be useful to yourselves and others. We expect Oliver G. and Hewitt C. Fessenden here to-night. When they arrive we expect to hear more particularly from New York. We know your time is almost wholly occupied by your studies, but we must expect a letter once in three weeks if not oftener, for this is the only way which we have to hear from our dear friends in G.

Your affectionate brother,

WILLIAM.

But Aunt Huldah's girlhood passes and who comes to the Old Yellow to take her away to fair Conway? The young lawyer, Francis Chase, to be sure! His father was Judge Chase, a typical New England "Squire," and his fine old homestead was a prominent feature near the place "where the ways met," and the stage coaches for the "mountains" passed to and fro. A few years ago, not long before Aunt Huldah left us, we were in Fryeburg together and we took some rides along the beautiful ways. When we came back from a charming drive and picnic, Moat Mountain way, as the evening shadows began to fall, the road entered a long tract, heavily wooded, when Aunt Huldah, moved to confidence, told us that in these same woods Uncle Russell used to take her to ride. How the memories must have crowded, as she talked!

One other ride I remember, when several of us—Wards, Chases, Butlers, and Reeds—filled a big, three-seated wagon and rode down to the old hill. The tenants of the house kindly allowed us to go over it, and in the attic, my Katharine found some queer little old iron "dogs," which the owner said did not belong to him, as he found them after coming into the house. From all that we could learn, we think that they must have been tucked away under the eaves and so hidden from sight or knowledge from time immemorial. As the present owner made Kitty welcome to the old relics of perhaps her great-great-grandsire Fessenden's day, the queer little old andirons finished our ride *with us*, and finally landed safe in our own attic, here in Milwaukee.

I remember how interesting Aunt Huldah made herself during this same ride, pointing out the familiar landmarks here and there, and telling us incidents of those far-away days of her youth. Once when she was teaching school in Menotomy an adventure befell her. While she was walking home through the thick woods from school, toward evening, she became aware suddenly of two balls of fire which glowed upon her from the heavy woods on one side of the road.

It had not occurred to her to fear this lonely walk, but at this sight the thought flashed upon her, "That must be a catamount! and in that case, *I am a dead woman!*"

However, it was not Aunt Huldah's way to die of fright, and she sped on and reached home to tell her story.

The next morning the men folk turned out and gave chase, finding and killing a huge catamount, four feet long. It was evidently during this time of her teaching in Menotomy that she writes home regarding the neighborhood panic near "Mrs. Pillsbury's." It seems a dreadful thing that she should ever have been allowed to take that lonely walk home through "the forest primeval."

I copy from her letter: "Now you will say upon reading this, 'what a silly girl my sister H. is!' but I don't care a mite. The fact is, a large bear was seen last night just below Mrs. Pillsbury's in the road. The whole neighborhood was alarmed, went armed with guns and bludgeons, but the expedition proved unsuccessful. Sincerely do I wish I could adopt Davy Crockett's maxim—"Go ahead, kill or cure," but the fact is, I am a coward. Sometimes I think I "canna help it." Under the circumstances, if you can send for me Saturday night conveniently, I should be happy to see you. If not, I shall walk home, for I really suppose it would be a good thing for me to conquer these whims. In haste. HULDAH.

Aunt Huldah's pretty little home in Conway was but seven miles from Fryeburg village, so that she and Aunt Lizzie could see each other often. The oldest sister, my mother, down on the Penobscot, must depend upon the yearly or bi-yearly journey to her old home for a sight of the family, except, indeed, when the Fryeburg kin came to her. One such visit from Grandmother I distinctly remember. (I was ten years old when I went to Fryeburg with Mother to attend her funeral.) She it was, who taught

me to *knit*. O, the travail and discouragement of my afflicted soul, in acquiring this accomplishment! The vision of that *garter* rises before my mental vision after half a century and more. The widening and narrowing processes seemed about equally distributed along its entire course. The stitches were tight or loose, as might happen, and *retrogrades* by reason of frequent ravellings, marked my faithful teacher's determination that my work should be *reconsidered*!

Only the large tale of knitting accomplished during my subsequent life reconciles me to the woe of those unhappy efforts.

A letter of Grandma Fessenden's written to Aunt HulDAH during this visit, I am glad to copy just here. She reached Brewer during the recovery of my little sister Anna, who, being named for our mother, causes an apparent confusion in the mention of mother and child. I think this must be the illness to which I have heard Father refer, when for, it seems to me, two hours, he entertained the little creature by stories, to divert her from the nausea which threatened to reject the medicine that seemed the last hope for her recovery.

BREWER, Oct. 2, 1847.

DEAR HULDAH:—I have just finished a letter to Elizabeth, and though it is almost night, must write you a few lines. I had a fine journey to Portland, across the ponds; heard at Portland that Anna was better, which relieved me of a load of anxiety which I carried with me to P—. The night was a good one for the boat, and with the assistance of R. Cram, whom Mrs. Mary Cram found at the Casco House, we got well established in the "Governor" early that evening; had a fine time and not so sick but I ate a hearty breakfast. Arrived here at Dr. Page's at eleven, found Anna recovering as fast as could be expected. The next day she sat up some, and now walks about a very little, but you would hardly know her. She is but the shadow of what she was, but will, I think, gain fast, as she has a good appetite and food sets well on her stomach. Twice after A. wrote you they despaired of her recovery. They seem very happy here, and Anne is quite well notwithstanding her labors since her return. She and Mrs. Cram have gone to ride to the city and down to Hampden. Though Anna

was so very sick since her coming home, they have newly papered the kitchen, middle entry below, stairway, and entry above. I never saw this house in such complete order and I think Mrs. Cram will enjoy her visit. The girl here is a capital one. She will stay two weeks longer, and would stay until her mother wants her to go home and spend the winter, but through the kindness of Mrs. Dole, there is another girl all ready to come here as soon as Emily may leave; the one who is coming is highly recommended by Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Dole's mother, so it seems as though there has been a special providence in providing girls for A. Hope you will like your new one. William had a line from Russell. Am right glad to hear you are so well and that noble grandson. I *did* want to see you before coming but heard by sister D. that you had improved, which was all of consequence I needed so much to know about you.

All well here but Caleb and he is miserable as to health. Was quite sick the first of this week, seems some better yesterday and to-day. It is dyspepsia or something, which had reduced his flesh so much that I hardly know him. I want him to go a journey to Limerick and Fryeburg. It would do him good to relax from his business, but he seems to think that next week he shall go into the city (Bangor) and go on as usual. I still hope we shall prevail with him to try the effect of a little journey. The Dr. is still of the opinion that this is caused by irregular eating and hopes he will get well if he can live differently. I am glad I am here to know all about him. Charles is expecting to start in a week or two down East to commence his business. He is a splendid writer. He has some specimens which few people could discover any difference in, from Bugbee's. This same Mr. B. has supported a large family and educated one or two sons at college, daughters accordingly. He gets 28 hundred dollars a year by his pen, and I do hope Charles may do something yet for himself in this way. Charles has been a favored one by Bugbee—has made rapid improvement and paid promptly, which may be the cause.

Do, dear Huldah, write me soon how you are, how you *all* are, Russell, Ed., and how you like Elvira—how Laura is, how your father and grandmother Bean are. I shall want to hear oftener than if I were at Fryeburg. It is almost night. I should be glad to fill this sheet, but I must

go down to Anna, whom I left with Abby for a little while, to write to you. They all join in love to you, R., E. and Allan Jasper Chasy. My dear, love to you all, and don't forget to write to your absent, affectionate mother.

R. FESSENDEN.

Charles sends you some of his cards. He says that they are poor specimens, and are no sample of his writing.

But how I am wandering from Aunt Huldah and her home at the foot of Moat Mountain, the grandeur of whose mass impressed the little girl, who one evening went into the back yard during a visit at Uncle Russell's and all by herself gazed solemnly at its grand outline silouhettied against the evening sky.

Of the group of my seven Chase cousins, Fanny and little Frank went early from the flock. Allan and Anna, Laura, John and Addie all answer "Here!" when the family roll is called to-day. Allan and Emma, his wife, not content with their possessions—Ada, Marion, Frank and Perley—must needs add Marion's baby to their list—a little granddaughter whom her great-Aunt Laura assures me, I should *know* (could I see her) to have "come straight from Heaven." (Ah, how *doating* we grow over the new generation!) Annie and Henry, her husband, dwell in charming Cedar Park, Melrose, Mass.

Their life in this happy home passes in a greater tranquility than generally falls to the lot of mortals, though it is busy and full to the brim. Off and away on charming little excursions go this pair, taking their small vacations all along through the summer, except for the fortnight when the great Atlantic draws them down to the Maine coast, and they come home full of its strength and freedom. This very summer Annie wrote me: "Sometimes we just drift about among the islands, sometimes go on long, leisurely excursions "up river," and sometimes, best of all, go racing straight out to sea, with the lea rail under water and the spray flying over us!" Laura and Addie abide with them. These three sisters possess among them an aggregate of ability which holds in its last analysis, perfection of house and home making, literary functions, and the best thinking of the day, with business holdings which prove the ability

of the 20th century woman to make and hold her place in the good thought and work of the world.

To be sure, one need not be surprised at such a result. My dear Chase cousins, do you know that all my childhood through, your "Aunt Anne" was wont to impress upon her own little girls the model manners and exemplary obedience of your mother's children? Aunt Huldah's success in the training of her "olive branches" was recognized by others as well, and I am bound in common honesty to state that my own lacks in "deportment" ("Mr. Turvey-drop") were unwillingly emphasized to my consciousness whenever I made a visit at Uncle Russell's! You were all such orderly members of society, such law-abiding citizens. I, alas, suffered in the contrast! But again I wander.

A little south of Annie Bush's home in Cedar Park, Melrose, John and his Laura, with their lad Russell, look out upon the beauty of the Middlesex Fells, stretching along the lovely valley west of their house. Dear little Sophie, the older child, after years of suffering, grew of a sudden, strong and radiant in the land of Light, and in the pleasant Conway cemetery Aunt Huldah's earthly house rests by that of her husband.

Of my uncles, five in number, I had intimate knowledge, since, at different times, each formed a part of my mother's household, Uncles Caleb and Charles, with their *wives*. For many years they lived along the Penobscot river, in Brewer or Bangor, Bucksport and Rockland, so that we saw each other often.

Dear Uncle Caleb Fessenden! He was my mother's oldest brother, the eldest son of his father, whom it has always seemed to me, he must have very much resembled. A cast of Grandfather's face, taken after his death, bears striking resemblance to this son. Uncle Caleb was of a quiet, kindly nature, loving and beloved by all who knew him, *really*. He met the ill health of many years with patient, uncomplaining heroism, aided by his quiet sense of humor, and the every day patience of a strong nature.

Little Aunt Abby, who outlived him, was a very interesting woman. Her mental outlook was fresh and original, and her letters are among the most interesting that I ever read. They were as if she was talking with one. Occasionally she surprised you, by stopping perhaps in the middle

of a sentence, and interpolating a fact or opinion that had just then occurred to her. But there was no confusion or bewilderment in the transition—simply freshness and originality. Uncle Caleb and Aunt Abby had no children of their own, but they played the parents' part to three lads. (Aunt Abby's young brothers and nephew), and so did their duty to the rising generation.

It was a pathetic fact that during the last years of her failing health this Aunt's spiritual outlook was darkened—the more, that all her life she had been so loving and dutiful a follower of her Lord, but in the surprise and joy of her setting free, which came suddenly, she forgot the shadow that lay behind her.

The "Second Enoch," who (with "the little boy that died") bore the name of his grandfather, Enoch Perley, grew up a shy, sensitive, scholarly lad, whose very life lay in books. He and Uncle William, his next younger brother, were alike in this respect. If either of these boys were missing, it was safe to hunt for him up on Pine hill, under the trees, or in the attic, reading. "All devouring elements" were they, but Uncle William, who later studied law and settled in Bangor, became a handsome, polished gentleman, of affable and elegant manners, while Uncle Enoch, who passed his college course at Bowdoin and "read medicine" with my blessed father, took "Society" in a very hard way and never met men and women (until he *knew* them) except with a sort of dread. Strange to say, however, after he became a practicing physician in Bucksport, Maine, no man ever held his patients more firmly in his friendship, or was more warmly beloved by them, than he. He had the mental make-up of the poet (which he was), coupled with an intense love of home and kin. Years ago, his brother Charles persuaded him to copy and place in durable shape his fugitive verses. This he consented to do. Two good sized books in manuscript were the result of this record, which, by natural right, descended to Cousin Jenny. She writes me that one is not to be found. She has an impression that her father lent it to somebody who failed to return it (a very trying fact!). Uncle Enoch was poet of his class in college. His poem ("Oblivion") is really such, as the following extract bears witness:

Hark! the abbey bell is ringing.
Hark! a solemn choir is singing;
Through the painted windows streaming,
On the gray old pillars gleaming,
Up the solemn aisles advancing,
On the crumbling arches glancing,
With a quaint and quiet sadness,
Half in sorrow, half in gladness,
Move the moonbeams; but their brightness
Trembles, with a quivering lightness,
Where those spectral monks are kneeling;
With a fitful gleam revealing
Forms of those, who often prayed
In this holy temple shade!
Hark! the solemn pealing hymn
In the gloom—so dead and dim!
They are singing in the gloom,
They are singing of the doom
They have met!—that all must meet,
Be the journey slow or fleet,
When the weary race is run—
Rest in thee—Oblivion!

Here is another fragment.

LULLABY.

Sleep, sleep, sleep!
Ah, how sweet on mother's breast,
There so soft, to lie undressed,
Gazing in those quiet eyes,
'Till their light in shadow lies,
Murmuring, 'till the murmur dies.
Sleep, sleep, sleep!

Sleep, sleep, sleep!
Oh, how sweet, at height of bliss,
Then to feel the dewy kiss,
Then to smoothly glide away,
Down a softened moonlight ray,
Into misty, ghostly day.
Sleep, sleep, sleep!

Sleep, sleep, sleep!
Oh, how sweet, when day is o'er,
Floating from the quiet shore,
'Neath the dreaming sky of June
To the water's dying tune,
Sinking with the sinking moon.
Sleep, sleep, sleep!

Sleep, sleep, sleep!
Oh, how sweet in shades of woe,
Then to feel the tidal flow
Of the softest wavy light
Slowly, slowly lift the night
Resting on the weary sight.
Sleep, sleep, sleep!

Through everything that comes from his pen one may follow the gleam of genius, which is "born" not "made." But, alas, we may almost always discern also, the undercurrent of profound melancholy, which, in the light of his sorrowful later years, we must believe indicated the morbid mental bias which finally developed into insanity. That those sad years are ended, we thank God. That the loving, faithful soul has escaped from the distorted imaginings of his own sick brain, we rejoice, as also, that his poet's soul is doing its broadened work in the clear atmosphere of immortal life. Through the years that he formed one of our Brewer family, I grew very fond of him—my favorite uncle. He was my teacher, giving me my first lessons in Latin, when I was quite a little girl. Indeed I did not study English grammar until years later.

After his death, among some of his papers, there came to light a folded half sheet of big old fashioned blue letter paper, addressed to him by his eldest niece upon occasion of his departure from Brewer. Inside the paper, lay a generous curl of my golden hair. Who could believe that it ever belonged to the gray-locked woman who tells this story!

When the outbreak of the civil war roused the land, Uncle William answered "the battle cry of the Republic" and enlisted in one of the first volunteer companies of the State of Maine. Later, he was appointed to a place in the Paymaster's Department; still later, to a position in the

Treasury Department in Washington, which the settlement of Southern claims created. This position required a legal knowledge and a broad comprehension of the history of the country and the relations of the North and South, all of which Uncle William possessed.

After the close of the war he and Aunt Mary lived in Washington. Their two children, a boy and girl, of uncommon beauty and promise, died during their earlier married life.

Naturally the settlement of Southern claims proved a slow process, and failing health came to Uncle William before his work was finished. Then Aunt Mary, his faithful, heroic little wife, rose to the exigency, and obtained from the Department, permission to take up her husband's work, with which she had, through him, become familiar. Daily she went to her work, which she maintained for some time after her husband's release from the slow death of creeping paralysis.

The story of Aunt Mary's forbears reads quite like a romance. During one of the many rebellions in the Emerald Isle, John Dunlevie, a young Irishman of high family who had identified himself with the insurgent party, found it unsafe to remain longer in his native island. A good friend, who had an interest in a sailing vessel, volunteered his assistance, and came with young Dunlevie to America, where the latter remained, marrying a Saco maiden. One of their four children became the wife of Uncle William. She was a tiny woman, physically, but of strong mind and character, and of great courage and endurance. She was very proud of her Irish blood, tracing her kinship to "the grandest o' them a'" among the gentry, one Lady Glendower. Her last years were spent in Garfield hospital, Washington, where she gradually wore out, under a long stretch of great suffering, and when all was over "the upper chamber" of Uncle William's grave in Georgetown cemetery, D. C., received her dust.

If I remember aright, my Uncle Charles Fessenden, was a teacher of penmanship and bookkeeping in the city of Bangor, Maine, for nearly forty years.

I do not think that any man was personally acquainted with so many of it's inhabitants as was he. This came about chiefly through his many years as teacher of penmanship in

the public schools of the city, which brought children of two generations under his instruction, besides the many who took private lessons. For several years he and Aunt Sarah, his wife, boarded in "the old Brick." Quite a romantic betrothal theirs. It was "love at first sight" upon the part of both, I believe, certainly upon that of the lad, for that he was and nothing more.

I remember his telling me of their first sight of each other. "I saw," he remarked, "that this was the girl I wished for my wife!" and he smiled in a very satisfied way, as if his judgment had not played him false through the long years that the lad and lassie waited for each other or the many after they joined their fortunes. One of the pleasant memories connected with Uncle Charles, is of the charming stories with which he delighted the childhood of his three Brewer nieces. He was really a genius at story-telling. My children delighted also in his tales, and we grown-ups were quite content to form a part of his audience.

Singularly enough, he never gave his stories to paper. I do not believe that he left one behind him, save in the memories which may have treasured them, but he was ready at a moment's notice, to start upon some tale of adventure or simple narrative, which, while carrying no suggestion of a "goody-goody" sort, never suggested an unworthy moral, or was inspired by other than high motives.

He was quite noted in this regard, among the school children. Indeed, when I last visited him in Bangor (he must then have been in his early sixties) he told me that the children crowded round him at recess times, ready for the next installment of the particular "serial" that was in process of telling, at the school under consideration.

His was really remarkable ability, for he always had his characters well in hand whether for a short or serial story. In case of the latter he would take up the thread of his tale by saying, "Well, where did we leave Jimmy?" It required but the slightest reminder on the part of some listener to start him afresh upon his travels.

Uncle Charles, Aunt Sarah and Jenny, their daughter (named for the first baby Jenny, who died years ago), lived on picturesque Kenduskeag Avenue, Bangor, almost within hearing of the river of that name, whose dashing current unites with the Penobscot a little further down town.

Uncle Charles was a typical Fessenden in face and figure. He resembled several of his Portland cousins, as did Uncle William. His was a familiar presence on the Bangor streets and must have been greatly missed when his long-time insurgent heart suddenly ceased its work, and his dust was carried back to old Fryeburg and laid away in the family lot. I remember how fond he was of the old songs and ballads, and how pleasantly he played them upon his flute or kept Jennie company when she opened the piano for a duet with her father. Aunt Sarah's life was a quiet and uneventful one. Ill health was her portion for many years, and after her husband's going, no courage to live seemed to remain with her. Not even her daughter could rouse her to any interest in staying longer in this sad world. It almost seems as if the gladness of Heaven would overwhelm her, but she has found the reconciliations which we know will lighten the mysteries of which our present is so full.

Cousin Jenny still lives in the little home, which is so dear to her that she cannot bear to sell or lease it. She has kind neighbors and two wonderful pussies (an Angora and a Coon), and she says her days are full of activities at home or in church work, but we know how lonely she must be, how she must miss the father and mother whose lives centered in her and her welfare.

"Edward Ebenezer" received the weighty name of his father, but to us children, he was always "Uncle Ed." A beautiful boy he was, so says my mother, and a great reader. After his school days were over, he began work in Conway and was with his sister Huldah for several years. Down the road a little way from her home, the beautiful Swift river went its dashing way, giving of its force to run the mill upon its banks where cabinet making was carried on and here "Uncle Ed." went his daily rounds, until he came to Bangor and made his home with us in Brewer, where he remained until his final removal to Gardiner, on the Kennebeck, where he had the oversight of the freight department of a railroad, and where he remained for the rest of his life. Every summer he and Uncle Charles came together to Boston to see us all, and he always kept in touch with his kin by letter. Especially did he hold in faithful care, his brother, Dr. Enoch, going up regularly from Gardiner to Augusta to see the poor soul, whose increasing malady at last ren-

dered him indifferent to the presence of the brother that he loved so well. And so the years went on, and this, my youngest uncle, became an old man. But the dull routine of his daily life went on—it was part and parcel of himself. His simple, upright, quiet succession of duty, in labor and rest, filled up the measure of his lonely way, until the end came, and, as he had desired, he rests with his generation and is “gathered to his Fathers” in the old home cemetery among the hills. Grandma Fessenden’s baby! I have wondered so many times, whether her mother heart ached for him through those lonely years—for this old man, whose baby dimples she used to kiss, whose soft cheeks was pillow-ed in her loving arms. Ah, but he doesn’t mind now. And she knows, I believe, why it had all to be!

V

THE WEDDING

During your grandpa Page's last illness, I received a letter from my Aunt Huldah, in which she comments upon the probability of his near departure and reverts to his early life and the love and trust in which through his long life her family had always held him. I copy from her letter:

"Oh, I well remember your father, a young man, when he came occasionally to his old home, while studying for his profession, and later, when he first came to our house as a lover. How handsome he was, and how proud I, a little sister, was of his black broadcloth cloak with its imposing velvet collar, thrown jauntily over his shoulders! Yes, I was a little elevated by the prospect. That was a long time ago, and through all these years we have loved him, the grand, noble soul, who shed an influence as he went on, worthy of imitation by every friend with whom he came in contact."

And now we return to the year 1837.

It is September in New England! Who that has known the beauty of Autumn among the mountains, can ever forget it?

The "Old Yellow" on the hill is astir with preparation, for a wedding close at hand. The eldest daughter is to marry the young doctor who made his first call upon her twenty-six years ago, and many another, since that time, we may safely opine.

The pleasant old house opens wide its doors and glows with hospitality. Who shall number the mysteries of preparation which the great kitchen has known these many days back?

Its vast fire place has done far more than ordinary duty, as also the big "brick oven" (which is saying a good deal). A family of eleven, beside kitchen and farm "help," kept my thrifty little grandmother busy with plans for their comfort.

No small event is this—my mother's departure from her father's house. She has been her mother's "right hand" since she can remember, entering into the individual needs

of that household in a most thoughtful way. I remember her saying, "I never *had* a childhood, a woman's cares began *with me*, so early. The charge of the babies as they came was *mine*, almost more than my mother's, because *her* hands were full to overflowing with calls from every quarter."

But now, after twenty-six years in the old home, she is going to a new one with her beloved young doctor. The wedding day has come. Relatives from Portland and Bridgeton and "the village" have arrived and the old house is full of guests.

But where is the bridegroom? The bride awaits him in her traveling gown of fine green woolen stuff, with ruffles of white linen cambric, at neck and sleeves. He *should* have arrived the day previous, but he is a busy man and traveling facilities are of the slowest, since steam and electricity are as yet unapplied forces for this need of humanity. She is naturally anxious. A bridegroom is a somewhat necessary factor in a wedding ceremony—but until this morning, she has not been *seriously* troubled. Slowly but surely the hours go on. The wedding dinner waits, but "he cometh not." It is a most trying and mortifying situation but there is nothing to do.

Guests try to smile pleasantly. They are sincerely sorry. Grandpa and Grandma enter into the embarrassment of the waiting bride.

What can it all mean? At last it is evident that no wedding is in the order of the day.

"The dinner waits and we are tired," so the guests partake of the feast and regretfully go their ways, save those who wait until the next day for their longer home journeys.

Courtesy laid its finger upon the lips of the guests who could not, for love or politeness, say how unfortunate the occasion has been, but one young doctor proved himself the "exception to the rule." He was the betrothed of one of my great Aunt Griswold's daughters, and being greatly scandalized at the situation, confided to a friend the indignant sentiment that "such a lapse on the part of Dr. Page was sufficient reason for the breaking of her engagement by the bride."

Now note how Fate sometimes squares accounts. Not so many months later, came the wedding day of this same young

Dr. Swazey. In this same Fryeburg, there was a gathering of guests, "and all went merry as a marriage bell," save that no bridegroom appeared to take away the bride! Curiously enough, the cause of his non-appearance was identical with that which detained the *first* mentioned doctor, who a day or two later appeared at the hill farm house, apparently assured of his lady's faith, though circumstances looked so sadly against him. But you shall hear *why* your grandpapa did not come to his own wedding!

When the time came for his start for Fryeburg, a little patient lay critically ill in Brewer. The parents of the child absolutely refused their consent to the bridegroom's departure. It was in vain that he suggested placing the child in the competent charge of a brother physician. They held him responsible, under God, for its life. It was too late to write. (Letters were slow travelers in those days.)

So the dear young bridegroom took his fate in his hands and stayed by the sick baby, who *lived*, thank God!

Trying as was the experience, I can imagine that the bride's "I, Anna, take thee, Horatio," (or its Puritan equivalent in form) came with a deeper tone of pride, admiration and love, for the test which had proven him all the worthier thereof.

In looking over some old papers of Mother's, after she had left us, we found a little ms. book which proved to contain a journal written while she was in Greenfield, Mass., at school. An entry after she left, runs:

"Since last I wrote, what changes in scene have I passed through! Six months at G. The 4th of April, left there with some young lady acquaintances, crossed the Green mountains, visited Albany and Schenectady in the State of New York, passed down the Hudson to the city of New York, where I spent some weeks; then returned to Fryeburg, Maine, where I spent several months in the enjoyment of all the pleasures of "home, sweet home."

In September, was married to Dr. H. N. Page, of Brewer, Maine. He was my schoolmate in childhood, my friend in youth, and will be my husband until death shall break all earthly bonds. Have been a wife almost six months—the happiest six months I ever spent."

This record closes with a grateful recognition of the goodness of God in so blessing her life.

VI

MY MOTHER

In September, 1837, the new Brewer home, "beautiful for situation," opened to welcome the doctor and his bride.

In that day, building a house was not accomplished "in a night," as it seems to be in this generation. I can't say how many tedious months "the Old Brick" was in process of building, its strong foundations and great beams, its doors and window casings with all the minutiae of finish, being framed and fashioned on the spot, not ordered by the cart load from some lumber dealer, ready for immediate setting in place.

Your grandfather Page, my children, had devised large things for his new home, though many details must wait evolution until the young doctor could command money enough for all that he had in mind. As I now remember, I cannot recall a single house in Brewer which was built upon a better plan, or a more thorough, for its day, than this old house of my birth. I have in my possession, some half sheets of paper upon which your mother, my Wilder maids, made plans of the three stories of this house which she sent to me. I was surprised at the correctness of her drawing, which, of course, was from memory, for the house was large and rambling and the long L somewhat irregular in arrangement. I do not believe that I could have so perfectly remembered the exact situation of chambers, closets, store-rooms and unfinished spaces, but her plan brought back the exact "lay of the land."

The "Old Brick" (a name by which it was known to the kindred) was a very pleasant and hospitably planned house. There was a room on each side of the front hall from which, a long winding staircase led to the next story. Another hall crossed this at the rear, at right angles, connecting the dining-room and another, later called the music-room—(after the acquisition of a piano). The parlor to the left of the hall, was unfinished while it remained in the family posses-

sion. Money was needed in many ways and there was ample room for the bestowal of our large family without it, so its door was simply locked and it was used as a sort of storeroom. Back of the dining room, across another narrow hall, lay the kitchen. Then came the laundry, next the great woodshed, stable and granary, and, to one side, the well house.



"THE OLD BRICK."

Upstairs, opening out of the large front hall, was the guest chamber proper, and opposite, the room, which in turn was the study of the two pastors, who at different times boarded at "the Doctor's." Father's and Mother's room opened into the upper back hall. This was also virtually our nursery, when we were children. (Father's little medical den opened out of this room.) And opposite, over the music room, was the large chamber, where slept the three little girls of the household.

The back stairs ended, just at Mother's room, and near by, another flight led to the attic where there were four more good sized bedrooms (each containing its fireplace), a hallway, as also an unfinished closet, from which a ladder led to a window upon the roof.

From the second story back hall, a door and a few steps led down into the L. Here were three more bed rooms, two large store closets, besides two unfinished apartments where we children had our swing and playhouses.

Beautiful was the outlook from the "Old Brick," which stood on the brow of a long hill overlooking the city of Bangor (itself built on hills rising from the other side of the Penobscot) and commanding charming glimpses of this grand river and of the outlying hills to the east.

Three acres of land surrounded the house. A large terraced flower garden stretched in front and along its long north side, next the street, fine elms and maples flourished. East and south there was a large vegetable garden with fruit orchard bounded by a crescent shaped walk between two rows of tall arbor vitae trees. This walk led to the part of the grounds known as "the Bushes," where a native growth of pine, hemlock and birch trees made a paradise of a play ground for us children. Can any strawberries of to-day, equal in flavor, those which, with patient search we found among the daisy studded grass of the lower field? Nay, verily!

How can one epitomize the story of life that is transacted under the roof of a single house? How surely is this story "continued" from that of the generations before and how surely also this "serial" runs on to its conclusion, which comes only in Eternity!

Homes vary in experience. Some families live only in their own lives. Each generation sees its new "swarming" from the family hive, these new hives doing their work and in their turn sending out their colonies. Other households from the first, take into their life that of others who come, because of blood, convenience or other circumstances. In such a case, conditions become of necessity more complex, and they who command the family ship have need of love, wisdom, patience and tact in its steering.

Our home was of the latter type. As I remember, it was the exception when my mother had opportunity to order its affairs with sole reference to her own immediate family. At some time, nearly every member of her father's family, and several of Grandfather Page's, abode with us. One pastor of our little church brought his bride to our house, where they tarried until they "set up housekeeping for them-

selves," and later, an unmarried pastor boarded with us all the years of his Brewer pastorate. After my mother entered into rest, Mr. Field wrote me a letter full of memories of those years, and it seemed as if he could never express his appreciation of and gratitude for all that my mother did to make his stay in our home a happy one.

One uncle and two cousins of mine "read medicine" with your grandpa, stopping with us the whiles. And by a singular certainty, all worthy but impecunious people who represented "Causes," humanitarian or religious, gravitated to the "Old Brick" as headquarters, from whence they might, while canvassing the community, go forth to their labors! I remember that Aunt Mary Fessenden (William) said to me one day, apropos of this fact, "All the *coal porters* (col-porters) descended upon your family!" And this was true.

The ebb and flow in our household constituency had its delightful side, but also brought of necessity, a burden of care and labor to my blessed mother. Indeed, the responsible life of her childhood and youth was unconsciously to herself, training her for the more varied and complicated care of her married life.

With the broad grasp and outlook of an intellect, almost masculine, which elected the consideration of great issues, she combined the Perley thrift and faculty which made "the heart of her husband" to "safely trust in her," so that a slender income was made to do its best, for the needs and comfort of her household.

What would have become of my father's "affairs" if she had not been the efficient "Secretary" of our domestic "Treasury" I do not know.

He was a busy country doctor, overworked by day and by night, whose area of practice was almost as broad as "Weelum McLure's"—a generous man, whose help was an assured fact in church and town affairs as certainly as in individual need. Even ~~he~~ he naturally inclined to order (which he certainly did not) he would have had a sorry time in keeping in hand unaided, his professional accounts, to say nothing of attending to the affairs of the house within and without. Of consequence, the unceasing oversight of all sorts of matters, fell heavily, my dears, upon the shoulders of your orderly and efficient grandmother. She was, I am sure, a born leader, though how much of this leadership

may have been the outgrowth of her environment it is difficult to say. Many a time I have heard her say, "How thankful I should be to drop all responsibility and not feel *obliged* to *insist* upon the carrying out of what I *know* to be necessary!" But her convictions were of the strongest and it was her solemn duty to *obey* them as wife, mother, friend, housekeeper, Christian, when to the best of her ability, she had interpreted their significance. The Puritan conscience was strong within her. She must obey it, since it expressed not her will, but God's—so far as she could read it!

From my mother's final decision there was no appeal with us, her children. I was a strong willed, loving, turbulent little girl, always reserving to myself the inalienable right to my own private judgments, notwithstanding. But I never maintained any issue with her when it came to a matter of *obedience*.

I remember one of my childhood experiences which I told her for the first time, after I became a woman. Some question had arisen involving a serious difference of opinion between us. I had yielded and *obeyed* her, *of course*, and with no *outward* demonstration of indignation, but the tumult of my soul was not endurable, so I betook myself to the large upper front hall and closed the door behind me. Then with a perfect abandon of wrath, I shrieked at the top of my voice, over and over again. It, the scream, was a physical necessity—the safety valve of my undisciplined little soul in its revolt against authority. "Why had not *I* the *right*, forsooth, to follow my will, as well as my mother, *hers*?" Ah, the old story! Every soul must learn for itself the safety, the absolute necessity of obedience.

How astonished she was, when I told her of this experience! She had no thought of the dire revolt that lay couchant beneath the external calm of my obedience.

With all her crowded, practical life, she found time for higher thought. The schools of the time were ungraded and unsatisfactory, so this dear mother took in charge her children's lessons and reading, until we were perhaps, a dozen years old, when other arrangements supplemented her work. How she entered into everybody's interests for good! Father shared his medical reading with her, in which she was greatly interested, as well as in his patients. The political

and humanitarian questions of the day claimed her intense interest also, and her strong and independent judgments in all lines of religious thought went hand in hand with her desire for the highest spiritual good of the world.

Naturally tenacious of her positions when once taken, she was singularly receptive to any new thought which looked toward "the reconciling of God's ways to men."

I remember her loyal support of Henry Ward Beecher when he stood at the bar of public opinion on the question of personal character. (And what a champion she was!) How she rejoiced in Robertson's religious outlook, and that of Horace Bushnell, with his then "new theology," for which, he almost suffered ostracism at the hands, even of his ministerial brethren.

Along with her inborn leadership and her impatience of inaction, when action was in order, there existed an intense affection and a self-sacrifice which begrudged nothing to those she loved, and instinctively reached to the help of any creature who needed her aid. She was a Fessenden in her demonstrativeness, and her devoted affection to home and kindred, was as the breath of her life. Her Reed grandchildren knew her better than the rest of you, because they were older than the Butlers and Wilders. I can only regret that she could not have stayed with us until you were all of you old enough to appreciate her royal traits, which, as *little* children, you could not understand. You, some of you, remember her decision of character, her expectation of your obedience without the (to your mind) sufficient explanation of this expectation. You remember her insistence upon work *well done*, when work was in question; but you also remember how thoughtful she was for your pleasure—how she planned for your outings—how all her soul dissolved in tenderness, when accident or sickness befell you; how self-forgetful she was, when your *real* good or happiness was in question, and how she planned for your best upbuilding in character and life. Here is a letter which she wrote, while she and Father were boarding on Chestnut street in Chelsea. It has a tender mention of the "Twinities":

CHELSEA, Dec. 11, 1866.

DEAR SISTER ABBA: I am in our pleasant parlor, with a flood of light coming in through its large bay-window.

It is a cold, clear morning, but I don't feel the cold, with our large stove, and the warmth which the sunshine gives, stretching almost the length of the room. We have this sunshine almost until the sun sets. In this room, we have a new book-case, reaching to within a foot of the top of the room (combining, with a place for books, a nice writing desk); a lounge covered with hair-cloth, two stuffed rocking-chairs, and a nice *little* one with cane seat and back, for a sewing chair; two common stuffed chairs, two tables, a piano, two oil-painted pictures (landscapes), portraits of the Doctor's father and mother, a French lithographed Madonna, a beautiful photograph of Palmer's "Faith," and a pencilling of Rebecca's, together with a looking-glass upon the mantel-piece.

The floor is covered with a three-ply, green, red and black carpet. The room is very pleasant.

And now you would like to know if we are happy. We like the family who take care of us, very much, and we like (or *I* do) the freedom from household care, and the time that we are looking forward to, for reading. But as wise Mother Goose says, there is always "some sort of black spider to come in the way," and it comes here to the Doctor, in not having much to do. He is troubled that he is leading such a *useless* life, as he considers his in Chelsea, to be. We stay here because the girls are here teaching, and it is near to Rebecca and near to North Chelsea, so that the Doctor can be more in the way of seeing to his land there, and more in the way of selling it. I have no doubt that the providential indications are, that we should stay here for a while, if not always. I desire to make the *best* of *all* these blessings laid in our way, by a rational enjoyment of them. The Doctor's discomfort, is *my* greatest discomfort, so far as our situation is concerned. Dec. 13th. I had written so far, when the Doctor came in, and proposed reading to me. His reading, while I sew, is always to be accepted with thankfulness, so I laid down my pen, and could not write again, until now, at 4 P. M., when he has gone up to North Chelsea. We have read in these two days, almost through the Atlantic Monthly for this month, and it is a good number I think. I am very much interested in the portraits of English statesmen in the Independent. Do you see them? The Doctor has begun Solon Robinson's novel in the Tri-

bune. I doubt whether it promises much. I have joined a Bible class in the Sabbath School, and we meet one evening in the week for reading. We are now reading "Ecce Homo." Last evening the Doctor and I went the whole length of Chestnut Street to call upon Annie and Sadie, boarding at Mr. Lovejoy's. (It is nine weeks since I came back to C—.) We enjoyed our two hours there very much. We had just received a letter from Rebecca, who reports all well at Malden. Oh Abba, I do so wish that you could see her babies! Have you any picture of them? Pictures don't do them justice, but I want to send you one taken lately. I could tell you many little doings, not sayings, of theirs (for they talk by signs), but you know that children's ways are inimitable and indescribable. The Doctor asks Willie where each member of the family is (by his or her different designation) and his twin sister by *all* her names, beginning with "Pertitteler" (properly "Particular"). He points to each in turn, and when asked where the "Squire" is, he pats *himself* with both hands. Did Charlie talk early? It costs everything to live now. The Doctor has come in and wants to read, so I must stop.

Friday A. M. The Doctor has gone to Boston and Malden. He likes an excuse to go to M. very much, and so do I. I spent Thanksgiving week there, as did the girls; or rather, the most of my visit was after Thanksgiving, while the girls went before it. We dined as usual, at Mr. Page's. Rebecca and Mr. Reed went to Taunton, his mother being anxious to have them go, so we had the care of the chicks for two days and nights. We took them to Mr. P.'s with us, and they enjoyed as much as any of us. Willie is very fond of Grandpa and Grandma. Daisy, too, is loving, but then she is a *mother* baby, while "Wym" seems to love me fully as well as his mother. I took care of the children at night and when Willie awoke, he got up in bed and put both arms round my neck and hugged hard and long. He meets Daisy and, all unsuggested by any one, holds his head forward to kiss her; perhaps she permits him to put his arms round her, and returns the kiss he gives, and perhaps she shakes her head and retreats, when he makes a sorry complaint. Rebecca says that he hugs so hard that she shrinks from him, and I don't know but this it so, for he

is a stout, strong little fellow. We had a grand wedding at Mr. Page's seven weeks ago, when Mary was married—300 invitations and numerous and lovely gifts. But the poor girl is sick which gave an element of sadness to the occasion. Abba, you and I did not have many wedding presents. Mr. Hurd gave back to me \$10 of the \$20 fee given him by my husband, and if I remember rightly, the Doctor *borrowed* that, so I have nothing to show for it! But if we had not presents we *have* good husbands, haven't we? Last evening the Doctor and I went to our Sabbath class reading. Our teacher is the editor of a Chelsea paper, an Englishman, a member of our church. I told you before what we are reading. I think some of the author's ideas are quite questionable. One: He thinks Moses did not know that the soul is immortal. Another, that the divinity in Christ developed gradually, and that he did not understand His ministry fully, until His baptism.

We had quite an animated discussion upon these two points. The girls have this winter joined a class of some 20 gentlemen and ladies who meet one evening in the week. (This was the "Club" at Judge Chamberlain's, maintained for many years. R. P. R.) It is for reading and literary criticism. All are required to take part. They enjoy it much and I think it is just what they have needed for improvement for some time, especially as they are teachers. Sadie has been confirmed in her position as a teacher in the Girls' Grammar School. She has had a very heavy cold, which, affecting her throat for three weeks or more, has made us anxious about her. Annie is nicely. I hear from Huldah that her girls recite in Latin, but do not attend school this winter. They take lessons on the piano which their grandfather gave them this fall. Lizzie's family are much as usual—all well, except Henry, who is better than in the summer.

Now, my dear sister, will you not write soon to us? We are anxious to hear how everything prospers with you. Doesn't Caleb feel encouraged since the meeting of Congress, at the boldness and strength which it seems prepared to use against Johnson and his policy? The miserable man will, I think, feel his own impotency now. The North

is prepared for him, he will find. The Doctor is away, but our love to you and Caleb and all, from

Your affectionate sister,

A. F. PAGE.

A Milwaukee lady once paid my mother a tribute, which coming from a comparative stranger, impressed me very much, the more that it seemed to me very just.

"I do not think," she said, "that I ever met the person who seemed to me more unselfish in her real interest for others than your mother. It did not seem to be confined to her family or friends. She entered *really* into the interests of all whom she met."

Your grandma used to say that Nature had denied her her share of imagination. This, she considered a serious omission in her make-up. "I could, therefore, never have been a poet," she said, but she did not lack in appreciation of poetry or the ability to read it with much expression. Her own children and my children (I dare say Winthrop Butler also) knew and loved Walter Scott's poems through her readings. I shall never, it seems to me, forget the thrill that stirred me when she read the climactic lines at the close of "The Lady of the Lake,"

"Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand!"

Probably her fondness for Scott lay partly in his descriptions of scenery, of which his pen paints pictures before one's very eyes. Of all natural beauty, she was an enthusiastic lover. Flowers and the unfolding of spring life, she noted more minutely from year to year.

For many a day after she left us, I found myself instinctively wishing that Mother could see this fine picture, or that charming prospect, when I came upon either. It was not easy to remember that upon her, at last, had dawned the reality of "the light that was never yet upon sea or land!"

Among the most delightful experiences of my life, I reckon my visits to Fryeburg, with my mother. They constituted as unbroken seasons of delight as often fall to a child's experience. To this day, the charm of the old house and its surroundings holds me.

Father's life was too busy to allow of frequent visits to his old home, but mother went with her chicks perhaps every two years, so long as Grandmother lived, and afterward at longer intervals, while good Louisa Storer had matters in charge for the Doctor, during her absences. This faithful soul had lived with Grandma Fessenden for five years before Mother's marriage, and when this event occurred, she went with the bride to the new home, and there remained six years more, until she herself, went to make a good man happy in Corinna, Maine. She came to see us from time to time, as long as she lived, having our interests at heart, as we, her's, which, like facts, could they be incorporated into the modern experience, would go a long way toward the solution of the perplexing question of domestic service, which now has attained so formidable proportions.

I wish that I could make you understand how beautiful were the surroundings of your Grandmother Page's old Fryeburg home!

The house stood upon the brow of a long slope,

"With its pleasant porches facing
All toward the morning hills."



"THE OLD YELLOW."

From the side stone doorstep, the eye followed the sweep of the mountains, west and south, Mount Washington lifting its head afar, capped in eternal snow. The glints of the river

appeared at intervals between the trees and bushes along its banks, and over all, arched the boundless blue of the sky.

Perhaps half a dozen families comprised the population of "the Hill," and as each house was surrounded by its own acres, the quiet might almost be *heard* and God's silences were most frequently broken by sounds of His own evoking.

The country road wound its dusty curves just outside the high open fence of the deep "front yard," but the passing was comparatively infrequent, so the cows and dogs and fowls, with the vast army of birds and insect life, had a grand jubilee, and the most of the music to themselves. How the remembrance of a summer noontide comes back to me as I write! The cloudless blue of the sky, the hush and heat of the time, broken only by the shrill rasp of the "hay-maker" whirring his hot locust song in the bushes; the stillness of the foliage on the great trees; the sweet breath of the red and white roses near the front door; (the sight and odor of a "Jacque" rose or "American Beauty" even now carries me back in a trice to their out-of-door prototypes in the green, shady yard on the Hill!)

Dear old house! How its broad arms have opened to welcome the children and the grandchildren! How the grandmother stood on the step when any of the circle from abroad came to the home-roof for a visit.

I wish that I could remember my grandfather Ebenezer. The descriptions of him which have come to me, make him a very attractive man. His were a culture and refinement uncommon, and he had a gentle and affectionate heart that loved little children and rejoiced in their presence.

All the young people looked forward to a chat with "Esq. Fessenden" as to a real pleasure. In attempting to describe the "Old Yellow," I feel as one Nancy Knowles (a woman who lived at my Grandfather Page's) was wont to say, "*All clear discourage!*" the more, that I feel you children may not be as interested as I, in all that the home held of charm to my childish eyes.

The house was large and quite rambling. On the right of the small square "front entry" (we did not have "halls" in ordinary houses in those days) was the parlor, which to my childish thought had an air of extreme delicacy and refinement. Within its closet were retained, while yet therefrom were perpetually disseminated, faint odors of fragrant

cakes and preserves, there stored against state occasions and times of company. How well I remember the tall candlesticks upon the high mantel and the dim light that filtered between the slats of the closed green blinds! The carpet was striped and one of the pictures upon the wall was a landscape in water colors, painted by my mother's hand when she, a young lady, attended Mr. Jones' school in Greenfield, Mass. This picture was a masterpiece indeed, to my wondering eyes. (The last time that I went East we passed through Greenfield. I wondered if the house were still in existence where my mother sat and studied and looked out upon the beauty of the Berkshire hills.)

This parlor! How many funerals and festivals has it witnessed! Aunt Huldah told us of an incident connected with her own wedding, as we went over the "Old Yellow" on that last visit, which I have elsewhere mentioned. It seems that as the party waited at the head of the stairway, which was rather narrow and made sharp turns in its descent, the bride, a little anxious and nervous lest all things should not be properly conducted, exclaimed, "How are we to get into the parlor!" Whereupon the bridegroom came to the rescue and turned her anxiety into amusement as he gravely responded, "For myself, I had thought of *riding in!*"

What an interesting niche was the mysterious little dark closet under the front stairs where the maple sugar and syrup were stored after the sugar-making in the early spring! This closet has its story, connected with a prank of my Uncle Enoch when a small boy of three or four years, who, after exciting the alarmed search of the entire family and maintaining a profound silence amid their frightened calls, was at last discovered seated in one of the great pans of maple syrup, placidly devouring the sweet streams running from his several fingers! The rogue had heard the commotion, but intended to reap all the advantage of his delectable situation.

Opposite the parlor was the family sitting, or "south room." How warmly the morning sun lay upon its broad floor and lighted up its spacious fire-place! Out of this room opened the large china closet, with its window. Upon its shelves were disposed the wondrous rows of my grandmother's best "Sunday go-to-meeting" china. There were two teasetts that especially pleased me, but *one* par excellence,

held my admiration. I had never before seen anything so beautiful as the white cups and saucers, sprigged with pink rosebuds. There remain a few pieces of this set of china, which are prized by three of my Chase cousins with the true family pride and affection.

Back of the parlor was the north bedroom, used since my remembrance, as the nursery of Aunt Lizzie's family. Here, as I have elsewhere stated, stood the tall clock, reaching nearly to the ceiling. A mysterious presence it was to me. Indeed, it always seemed almost human, its round-faced moon looking down with equal cheeriness upon weddings and funerals, ticking its way relentlessly through the merry-makings and the silences in the house.

Then there was the great kitchen, across the back "entry," whose floor my mother and Aunt Huldah painted with their own hands in graceful scrolls of black, spattered upon a gray background. I could still faintly discover the pattern when a few years ago I went over the "Old Yellow." The picture of the kitchen rises before me as I write. It extended across the entire breadth of the house, the big fireplace occupying the center of the west side of the room. One of the closets held "the every-day ware" of "deeply, darkly, desperately blue." How elegant I thought it! In another closet were to be found in "blueberry time" the large, bright tin pans full of their treasure for "drying" for winter use. What feasts were ours, with the rich yellow milk and the berries, their blue, softened by the bloom on their full, firm globes! Another attractive locality was the summer kitchen, but a step further on. The family called this "the porch," though it was really a room, being a sort of lean-to against the house proper. Here stood the *settle*, left over, I imagine, from my great-grandfather's day. A cool, summery little room was "the porch," looking out into the greenery of the orchard and down the grassy path to the well. Close by was the "meal-room," with its wooden bins for Indian, Graham and oatmeal, and its shelves for the milk pans. There was the cellar too. What a combined odor of apples and cider, potatoes and winter vegetables, greeted our noses when we stepped upon the long stairway leading thereto!

But one of the most interesting places in the house was the "kitchen chamber," an unfurnished and but partially finished apartment where we children delighted to play.

Here stood the big loom where my grandmother wove, in the far-back days. Within this chamber was the cheese-room. What an exquisite sight and odor of cleanliness and milkiness and curdiness greeted one upon entering this little room, where he beheld the double row of smooth yellow cheeses arranged upon the shelves! How I wish I might again catch a breath of that aroma! Perhaps, indeed, I might find something of its flavor fled, with the sweet, fresh young years! But how shall I describe the mysterious delights of the "spare chamber?" What an event it was, when I might sleep on the high-posted bedstead, with its full curtains of gay patch and its feather bed and pillows, so soft and deep that I was almost buried therein! The sense, under such circumstances, of coziness and safety, of refinement and magnificence, I remember to-day. The carpet upon this spare chamber floor was very beauteous in my eyes. It was striped in beautiful colors, and was delightfully suggestive of barley candy! There was a high, brass-knobbed mahogany bureau in this room, full of dignity and importance, with a dressing-table and washstand, the latter article of furniture being of interest to me because of the several perforations in its surface in which, were inserted the bowl, soap-dish and other articles of toilet furnishing. Last but not least of the attractions in this spare room, was a low closet, wherein were always laid away a store of old bonnets, such as had been the "perfect loves" of generations before. Occasionally, by especial grace, we children were allowed to parade these grotesque oddities before the amused eyes of our elders, who often sat working and talking, during the long summer afternoons in the large south chamber. Indeed we must have looked droll enough in those huge, fantastic Leghorns, every whit three-quarters of a yard in length, with fronts like flour-scoops, and crowns like steeples. There were the middle chamber and the little bedroom beyond, interesting because of the queer "chest" of drawers standing therein, which drawers were shallow and numerous, with brass handles, which fell with a startling clang when suddenly dropped. There, too, was the other little chamber, hard by the dark, steep back staircase, and further on, up another narrow staircase, the attic. Oh, that attic! When I had climbed the dark stairs and emerged into the subdued light of this enchanted place, it was as if I had left the prosaic surround-

ings of real life and landed in another world. At one end of the attic stood an ancient wooden chair, disabled for daily use, but still capable of invalid duty. One arm expanded into a sort of shelf, upon which one might write or lay his book. This chair stood by the north window, and here it was that my Uncle Enoch retreated from family life and busied himself with book or pencil, looking out betimes into the fresh greenery of the orchard tree-tops and hearing only the bird-songs among the blossoms, the summer rain on the roof, or the wail of the wind when the autumn storms besieged the windows. The strange odds and ends belonging to an attic were here represented. Old garments hung from posts or rafters. In the shadowed light of the place, they startled one with their look of humanity. Here the wreckage of family furniture found place, so that there was no suggestion of bareness, but rather of a comfortable disorder, which the shifting light through the two windows in the opposite gables, softened into charm and picturesqueness. My journeys to the attic, however, had very practical interest. Close under the eaves, stood long, narrow troughs of butternuts (or, as we called them, oilnuts,) ready for winter use. On my hands and knees I crept to their tempting store, leaving at last, my frock skirt, heavy with the nuts to be cracked later, on some smooth, big stone under the trees.

I am sorry that the picture of the house gives so little notion of its attractiveness. It was taken during the earlier days of photography, and gives an incorrect idea of its size, which was really much larger than is apparent. Least of all does it suggest its royal setting of mountain scenery, remote and near at hand. The broad front and side yards gave a fine spread of green grass, shaded by the great trees, the big balm-of-Gilead tree, the elms along the roadway and the cluster of locusts by the side door.

Down through the long woodshed, round the corner of the corn-house, we children scampered, then struck into the path across the field, which brought us to the bars, just beyond which, sprang the thicket of sweet-flag blades, for whose aromatic roots we sought, as for hid treasure. Close by was the "Lady Spring," one of the family poems, which needed only an occasional helping hand to clear its little basin of sand, when it bubbled up clear as crystal. Alas! there is nobody left to-day, to do it this good service. The

old house no longer shelters man, woman or child, and Nature claims all her original rights, as indeed she began to do long ago. Pine hill is only a short climb beyond the Lady Spring. Here was one of the family trysting places. When the sons and daughters, cousins and friends came back to the old place, they sooner or later turned their faces thitherward. A long, smooth surface of stone stretched beneath the heavy pine grove, and formed a portion of the hill's brow. Early in the family history, it seems to have been consecrated to inscriptions and was called "The Name Rock."

When last I saw it, the pine needles lay thick over many of the initials, but brushing them away I came upon some familiar letters of the days long fled.

It was all so strange, so changed. The fine old growth of pines had been felled, and another generation of trees was crowding for right of way, dropping in turn its soft needles over this gray rock, until the tracings of hands long since dust, were covered from all eyes, save those which sought diligently to find them!

During my childhood, the old school-house, a little south of the "Old Yellow," on the opposite side of the road, still stood. I think it was the same building where my father went to school, and where he won his spurs, as knight of the persecuted maidenhood in his little boyhood. When, through my young years I made those Fryeburg visits, it was a delightful novelty to occasionally attend school in this same "wee bit" building with my cousin Henry Ward, and perhaps, Emily and Carlton Page. (I think that "Mary Ashmun" was then too young to have started upon her climb of the educational hill.) There were perhaps a dozen scholars in attendance and Cousin Abby Brown (then Miss North) was the teacher. She seemed to me very wise, very gentle, very attractive, but even with so small a number of pupils, she doubtless had her trials.

There was a closet at one end of the school-room, built in the niche beyond the chimney. There was also a loop-hole in the roof, so that, once an entrance to the closet attained, the boys could climb up by the projections of the chimney and triumphantly descend over the low roof to the ground.

Once, I know that I begged your grandma to let me follow the popular fashion and go to school "barefooted." She gave me grace for one day! Oh, what joy to speed across the soft grassy yard, past the pump and the mossy trough beneath it, into the road! I can feel now the soft, warm, dry, *slipping* of the deep sand against my tender little feet, as I pushed on, pleasantly conscious that for once I was "in the fashion!"

I see myself standing by the stone wall close by the school-house, where the bushes grew luxuriantly. The sun is bright on my yellow hair as I string the ripe red raspberries upon a long stem of grass. Is it possible that this happened more than half a century ago?

I copy a very interesting letter from Aunt Huldah, to her children, which gives one of the last advices from the old home by the hand of one who loved it.

FRYEBURG, SUNDAY, Aug. 3, 1890.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I am just home from church, where Prof. Sewall preached this morning. This is another hot day. Will write a little before dinner, as after we dine, the uncles will come in. They go home to-morrow. They decided yesterday not to go to Mass. this year.

I have enjoyed their being here. It is the last time probably, that we three shall meet in our dear old native town. I think I have written no letter to you since we went down to the old home. That was Wednesday. We took an eight-o'clock start, so that we could have all the forenoon there. We first asked permission to come into the house after our tramp over the farm. The lady was very kind in her invitation to us to go where we pleased. We first climbed the Fry hill. The old road up there, used to be as good as the main travelled road, but the uncles had to hold the bushes apart for your aunt and me to get through—bushes higher than our heads, right in and filling all the old road like a forest, with the tangled underbrush. This made me know that I am old. The Frye house has been taken away. We went to the orchard to find the apple-tree bearing earlier apples than any we had in *our* orchard. This tree had given us its delicious apples (we knowing that it was no depredation to pick any we found on the ground) all through our childhood. The name was "The Harvey." Charles is to

have some grafts from it in the spring. The Frye Ledge, where we were allowed to go only once in a while, is the same. This Frye farm joined ours. We next went over and down to our beautiful "Lady Spring." I could not have found it—all the hill which was a pasture has grown up to a heavy growth of timber—but my brothers went directly to it. Charles took a shovel from the house and I carried a dipper from here. At first we could only find it from the moisture around, but Charles shoveled it all out. It is as big as ever, the water bubbling up, ice-cold, on and on, (how long?) as it has done since my grandfather Fessenden came to the old hill so long ago. It never fails. When we were good, we had permission to go to the Lady Spring. I took a bit of blueberry bush to press, and bade it good-bye. The "horse-shoe" pond, once quite large, is dried up to the size of a room. Why, I can't see. The farm is better kept than under Mr. Powers. All the former outbuildings are gone, barely the house and a part of the shed remaining. The house looks well kept inside. We went all over it—in some rooms, saw something that looked natural. The same paint is on the floor of two chambers, which I put on myself in 1836. Lizzie helped me put on the first coat of plain drab paint, but I put on the scrolls which were essential for the ornamentation. These scrolls were flourishes of black and white paint. Sister E. always made me do the work which required taste, strange as it may seem to you now. She had no confidence in herself. My very dear sister she was. You can't think how vividly I recalled the day that painting was done. It is not so worn but that the flourishes are plain. Good paint that was, surely! These rooms have always been used for bedrooms. It was pleasant to see the house so clean and comfortably furnished. The fine old trees are very few now. The very large elms are still standing. The day after we were there, a cyclone struck, in its path, a large oilnut tree just in the yard and tore it up by the roots. This tree was as large as one of our maples in front of our house in the Park. The cyclone blew down thirty trees in the Fryeburg Chatauqua grounds. A special providence saved the buildings. No one was injured, though there were hundreds on the grounds. Of course they rushed for open ground, in the midst of the wind and hail. These

trees, many of them, were twice as large as our maples—it broke them into kindling wood.

We did not go down to the grove that day, but were there yesterday. We have climbed Pine hill and have been about the village. When my brothers go I shall not tramp much.
* * * I have written too long now.

Lovingly,

MOTHER.

Ah, how dream-like it all seems! Aunt Lizzie, Aunt Huldah, Uncle Charles, Uncle Ed, all gone, and of the old home they visited in company, not a timber left!

Alas, for the "Old Yellow," with its shadowy grasp on the days of "lang syne." Last year, it went up in a fire which started, it is thought, from a defective flue and swept remorselessly through the ancient rafters and time-worn timbers. Only memories and ashes remain of all that sheltered the life of a large family!

After your grandma Page left us, in looking over her papers, I came upon a few in her own hand-writing, one of which I copy, thinking that you grandchildren may like to read it because it is her thought:

"A drop of water that sparkled like a jewel in the sun once fell from the clouds into a little mountain stream, and as it lost its identity it exclaimed in all the anguish of desolation, 'Alas! what a catastrophe! I am swallowed up in immensity!'

"The little stream laughed at the lamentation of such an insignificant thing as a drop of water, and, vain of its consequence, murmured on its crystal way in all the pride of conscious superiority, until with a sudden plunge, it fell headlong into a mighty river, and, like the drop of water, was lost in a moment, crying out in its last agonies, 'Oh Fate! who would have thought that a brook of my size could be swallowed up so easily!'

"The river murmured its contempt for the little foolish stream, and continued its course, gathering strength and pride, breaking through mountains, tearing rocks from their seats, and sweeping through lowlands until it found its way to the vast and melancholy ocean, in whose boundless waste it lost its being, like the drop of water in the little stream.

“‘Is it possible,’ exclaimed the mighty river, ‘that I have been collecting the treasures of *half a world* only to be swallowed up, *myself* at last?’

“It is thus with thee, O Man! Thou beginnest in insignificance, like the drop of water. Then thou becomest a laughing, leaping, travelling thing like the little brook. Ah, thou waxest proud and great like the mighty river, and all thou canst say is, ‘What an illustrious mortal am I,’ as thou art swallowed up in Eternity!”

It was during the latter part of my precious sister “Teddy’s” weary illness that I gathered together some memories of our dear old Brewer home, thinking that they might somewhat divert her suffering days. Perhaps I can in no way, than in these verses, better express all that I felt regarding the shadow which then hung over the *three homes* most closely connected with her father and mother. And so I copy them here, with the ever tender thought of your mother, my Constance, Mary and Margaret:

“While all the heart dissolves in grief,
Remembering we have lost her,”

out of these earthly years, we bless God that all Heaven is to come!

She said one day to my sister Annie, as the end neared:
“I think how glad *Mother* will be to see me come!”

Was she not the first to meet her youngest born, for whom she had been “waiting”?

Your mother had a dream, Winthrop and Alice, which seems so in keeping with your grandmother Page’s thought, that I must record it, though it was but “the vision of a night.” Annie wrote me that she dreamed of talking with Mother. I copy from her account of this interview:

“She told me that *physical* appearance had but little place in the memory of the Redeemed in Heaven—that she recognized me at once, as her child, Anna, but not by any resemblance of a physical nature. My character, or, as she put it, the “real” me, was what she saw and knew. In other words, I understood that the spiritual body, which is clearly visible to the spiritual vision, as the physical body is to the physical vision, is really the creation or the product of character. She said something like this: ‘I knew you at once as Anna, not because of the way your body looked on the earth, but be-

cause I saw the real *you*.' She said, '*Here*, we remember the *real things*. Somehow,' your mother adds, 'the dream comforted me about the recognition of each other and made it clear that old black Uncle Tom *will be beautiful*, and yet will be easy to recognize, and it also gave *me* added incentive to *be beautiful* in such a way that *our* Beloved and the *Lord* will be glad to see us, as soon as we get to the Heavenly Land. But oh, how can this be? There must be *so much* beautifying of this poor, miserable little soul *first*, and half the time I think *so little about working at it!*'

Here are

THE MEMORIES OF OUR MORNING IN THE OLD HILL HOME.

The hollyhocks grew by the garden fence,
 Pink and ruddy and white were they;
 Big dusty honey-bees sought out their depths,
 Lazily buzzing the days away.

Daffodils, Iris, Valerian, grew
 In beds 'round the central grassy square;
 Below the terrace, the sloping field,
 Westerly, southerly, spread with fair

Billows of daisies, while on its edge,
 Up through the slender, finer grass,
 Sprang the blue Innocents, thick 'round your feet.
 Almost you crush the sweet things as you pass.

Outstanding groups of Spruce and of Pine,
 Led to "the Bushes"—wond'rous land!
 Never Black Forest's mystic depths,
 Fairy haunted, by spice winds fanned,

Wooded its children to sun and shade,
 Under its branches, with surer grace
 Than this same thicket lured the feet
 Of three little girls to their meeting-place.

Morning glories, pink, purple and white,
 Climbed up the end of the house, but we,
 Wild for the woodsey tangle sweet,
 Passed them by, in our merry glee.

Oh! when the lessons all were done,
How like the wind our restless feet
Sped down the curving cedar walk,
Or past the cinnamon roses sweet.

Then, by the currant bushes thick,
Royal in number and fruit were they,
Over the little slope beyond,
Through the pine needles that softly lay,

Shed from the mother tree above,
(Carpets splendid for feet like ours),
Shot through with twin-flowers, purple and fringed,
And boxberry shoots with their creamy flowers.

Ah, how we raced and danced and sang,
Happy as only children can be,
Scuffing the needles, as, tired at last,
Safe in the crotch of the great pine tree,

Resting, we sat and thought and talked,
Told our stories and dreamed our dreams,
Wondered how kings and queens must feel,
Acted our dramas, *sans* stage and scenes,

Tended our dollies and peopled our world
With beautiful princes, who ladies wed;
Until perchance the dinner bell
Broke through our frolic, or, instead,

Westerly shadows began to creep,
And from her chamber our mother's call
Came, clear and full through the summer air—
"Come, little children! Come, come all!"

Then for a race up the grassy bank,
By the pond, through the garden, farthest way home,
In, mid the ranks of the rustling corn,
By the row of bee-hives, slow we come,

Looking with longing eyes, perchance,
At the gooseberries green, or the purpling plums,
Or the cherries, not quite low enough
To catch between our fingers and thumbs!

In, by the grassy path that led
Up to the well-house, whose iron wheel
Carried its dripping twist of rope—
I, this very minute, can feel

With what a thrill I over the edge
Of the wooden curb was wont to peep,
Awe-struck, to see my shadowy face
Reflected back from its awful deep!

O, the romps above and below,
Through the many passages narrow and long,
Which the "Old Brick" had—'Twas a gay old house
For children's laughter and frolic and song!

The dark back stairs and the bannistered rail
To the attic story—the lovely look
From the Lutheran window toward the East—
The charming, unfinished, cluttered nook

Whence the little rough ladder led aloft
To the skylight, in the roof's high gable—
It's dusty shadows and pine-wood breath
Bewitched us, like cave in Aladdin's fable.

I, the eldest, can better recall
The dances and fun in the old "shed-chamber,"
Our play-room, swing, and leaps in the hay,
When for new-laid eggs we were wont to clamber.

And then the rides with old "*Rob Roy*,"
"Bucephalus" and "Bucephaline,"
How my cheery, handsome, loving father
Would tuck us, himself and our mother between.

On his rides to "the Bend," or Orrington,
Or over the Bridge to the Bangor side;
An ideal country doctor he,
Loved and respected far and wide.

No less lovely to-day, or dear,
With his silver hair, and his fresh, clear face;
Calmer and stronger, his faith of years,
Firmer his trust in the heavenly grace!



"LITTLE MISS BLESSED."

Oh, how freshly my youth
comes back!
There was our "Baby,"
with eyes of blue,

Like double rose-blooms
were her cheeks,
As on the tips of her toes
she flew!



"OUR MIDDLE LINK."

His "Tiptoe-teazer" our father called her,
"Little Miss Blessed," too, as well;
Now do you wonder whether we loved her?
Ask the household—they will tell!

There was our "Middle Link," our beauty,
Eyes and hair of a golden brown;
Little philosopher—no ruffle
Fretted her brow with an angry frown.



"THE ELDEST SISTER," AND LITTLE "PIPLEY-MOOKAH."

Sweet peacemaker, when her sister,
Turbulent, roused at good denied,
Stormily chafed, "*I cannot bear it!*"
Quietly Annie slips to her side.

"But, Rebecca, we *must* bear it!"
Ah, hath she not found the healing power
Of like submission, borne through suffering
Of *how many* a weary hour?

What shall I say of the eldest sister,
More than this story tells to you,
Save that despite her untamed nature,
Hers was a heart that was warm and *true*,

And that she loved those dear home people,
Though on the tide of her impulse strong
Rushed she impatient, weighing later
What she perceived to be right or wrong.

Slowly, the years have their lesson taught her,
Slowly she learns, but she prays to grow
Into His gracious mind and temper
Whom 'tis Life itself to truly know.

Ah, my sister! how full my heart is
Of tenderest longing and sympathy—
How with a love that swells to aching,
I walk with you on your suffering way.

I cannot tell you, yet most surely,
Love's free-masonry hath its sign,
And in your spirit you catch its watchword,
Faithful and true as this heart of mine.

Thanks for your patience, so Christ-like bearing
The wearing yoke of daily pain.
Thanks for your courage, when nerves a-quiver,
Mutinous, rack your weary frame.

Thanks for the mirth that bubbles brightly
Even from deeps of your own distress,
And for your care-taking thought of others,
When on the rack of pain's sharpest stress!

Will it be comfort to know, my Darling,
That, O how many have learned of you,
How the Lord Jesus can trust His children
To *share His Cross*, yet be sweet and true?

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Up from our dear homes, precious voices
Rise in a chorus we love to hear ;
But heads of husbands and wives are whitening,
And how our children, from year to year,

Dropping the baby ways and fashions,
Suddenly stand in our wondering sight,
Men and women, with eager vision,
Facing the Future's vista bright !

Yes, Dear, the swift, swift years are flying,
And at the *longest* 'twill not be long,
Ere the old scene of our little girlhood
Will be repeated, when, sweet and strong

From her place in the heavenly habitations,
Our mother's voice will clearly call—
"It is time! So long I have been waiting;
Come home, dear children. Come, come all!"

VII

MY FATHER

In the early spring of 1841 word came from Fryeburg that my grandfather Fessenden was seriously ill. Father and Mother started across the state in their sleigh, taking with them their baby girl, then a year old. It was a formidable journey. A Maine winter is not of the mildest, and in the siege that Spring lays to its snow-banks, travel is often seriously obstructed. Before the travelers reached their journey's end, the snow upon which they made their start, had almost wholly disappeared under a heavy thaw, and the sleigh was pushed through ice and water and over nearly bare ground. Think of such an expedition, with a year-old baby, in down-east March weather! I have heard my father speak of it as one of the hard experiences of his life, adding that he did not remember a condition of greater physical exhaustion than his when his tired-out horse at last reached a haven of rest before the gate of the "Old Yellow."

Through the windows, twinkled the candle-lights of the home. At the door, crowded the familiar faces, smiling their welcome, as Father handed to their arms a little bundle of humanity with the introduction, "This is Miss Des-mildee!"

For a day or two, Grandfather enjoyed our presence. He even sat up for a little, and held his first grandchild upon his knee, manifesting much interest in this representative of a new generation. (I have always been glad to know that he so welcomed me.) Then, suddenly, the end came, and the worn heart ceased its work when its owner was but 57 years old. His dust was laid in the family tomb not far away, which was owned by my two grandfathers. Later, its occupants were removed to the cemetery near the village.

During this year, Aunt Elizabeth was married, and "Uncle Major" came to take charge of the farm. In 1850 Grandmother Fessenden finished her faithful and laborious earthly life, and I went with my mother up to Fryeburg. I remem-

ber how solemn the funeral service seemed to me, and the long, slow drive from the hill to the village, as we followed the silent presence that would never return to the home where she had welcomed me so many times. Ah! the mystery of death often presses with an unsuspected weight upon the souls of children, and "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts!"

One of the most vivid memories connected with my father is that of his night calls to visit the sick. I think I have told you, my Wilder nieces, of the wild storms which whistled around the gables of the "Old Brick" each winter. The house, from its location on a hill, caught the four winds of Heaven, which made themselves heard, you may be sure, whirling the snow into huge drifts and blocking the country roads until they were sometimes almost impassable. Lying in my bed, I was sometimes aroused by an exigent knocking at the back door, presently answered by my father's voice. Sometimes Martin O'Maley (the hired man who took care of the horses and worked in the garden and woodshed) would rouse up to harness the horse, but often, Father was his own "boy." He turned his horse's head up or down the river, as the call indicated, and O, those dreary night journeys of eight or ten or more miles, through the blinding snow, often to the help of those who never remembered afterward their debt, either of money or of gratitude! I have heard your grandpa speak of one of these night trips when, being worn with a rush of professional work, he decided to go to his patient on horseback rather than in his usual way. Coming home he became so exhausted for want of sleep that he finally dropped his bridle and left his faithful horse to find the road for both himself and his master, while he went to sleep! How he ever kept upon the creature's back, remains to this day a mystery, but the two at last reached home safely.

Humor was a marked characteristic of both Pages and Fessendens, but it varied in type. With Father, its accompanying gravity of demeanor intensified it, as did also his unconsciousness of his own unique sayings. I remember that one day at table he made some remark which was followed by peals of laughter from those present, whereupon he remarked, with perfect sincerity, "Now, as true as you live, it did not *occur* to me that there was anything to laugh

at in what I said!" Occasionally, Mother rebelled at our failure to accept a joke at her hands. We were quick enough to recognize it in Father, "but," said she, "I honestly believe, if *I* were to state that 'the moon is made of green cheese, you would all begin to remonstrate, and take up cudgels against so untruthful a statement!" So much for that indescribable *something* which accepts the same remark from one as serious and from another as jest!

There is an especial Providence, I am sure, which protects jokers. There never was a man much more beloved by his small public than your grandfather Page, my children, and yet he was continually saying things which one would feel sure would offend his hearers. It was certainly surprising that he almost never gave offense by his queer remarks. I will give you a few of them, and I think you will agree with me.

At one time your grandpa attended a medical convention in Philadelphia. (I think it was national or international in scope.) The city hastened to do honor to so distinguished a gathering, and among other attentions, gave the doctors a ride to points of interest in and about the city. I do not remember how many hacks made up the long procession, but they were out in force.

Possibly you may remember that your grandfather had a great dislike of tobacco, as well as of liquor. He considered it an inexcusable rudeness in any man to subject his neighbor, *nolens, volens*, to the smoke of his cigar. In the same carriage with himself were three other doctors (all strangers), and in due time all were discussing their choice Havanas—all save your grandpa, who "declined with thanks." For a little he endured the atmosphere, then suddenly thrusting his head from the carriage window, he shouted, "Fire! Fire!" The driver pulled up his horses, whereupon, of course, all the carriages behind came, one by one, to a dead halt. "What is the matter?" exclaimed the driver, alarmed, whereupon Father responded with amiable candor, "I don't know, but where there is so much *smoke*, it is certain there *must* be *some* fire!" I can imagine that not many cigars were *burned* in that carriage after this demonstration, though I do not remember the sequel of the story.

Your grandpa's style of rebuke was, upon occasion, quite his own, and very effective. The following experience befell him during a stage-coach trip from Bangor to Burlington, Maine. Two of its passengers within, were women. The coach had proceeded but a short distance when one of the men began a conversation garnished with oaths, which were "neither few nor far between." Gradually he came to have a monopoly of the talk, which, by reason of his continued profanity, became most offensive. Your grandfather held his peace for a season, then, turning to the loquacious traveler, he inquired in a very amiable tone, "Do you think, Sir, that out of regard to these *ladies*, you can consent to *swear a little less* frequently—only a *very little* less frequently?" Imagine the silence that fell upon the company, finally broken by the amazed and crestfallen disturber of the peace, who asked satirically, "I guess *you* are a *Methodist*, ain't you?" "A *little* inclined that way!" assented your grandfather. Conversation suddenly languished, but a little farther on, the profane gentleman left the stage-coach, declaring that he would ride no farther with "that Methodist."

My father was wont to declare that "it had been decreed from all Eternity that he never would be rich." And although he did not lack ability in *making* money, he *lost* a good amount of it in a great variety of ways. "Signing notes" as security for worthy men who were in a financial pinch, giving money in all sorts of ways, public and private, where money was needed, and his services to his large constituency of poor people, failing to collect his many dues, which, if changed into money, would have made him a comfortably to do man—in short, the noble-heartedness and free-handedness which characterized him, apparently looked in the direction of the "decree" to which we have referred. He was wont to say, during the later years of his life, that he could not understand how he had ever kept his head above water financially, and come through life "owing no man." Possibly the hand of our "Secretary of the Treasury" may have had largely to do with this result! When I consider my mother's care and thrift in all departments of family finance, I am reminded of the remark of an old gentleman concerning his wife, of whom he declared, "I honestly believe that my wife kept the family out of the poor-house with the point of her needle!"

Occasions sometimes arose which opened my father's "vials of wrath," as when he received repeated tax bills for "improvements" upon some property of his, situated in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y. His suspicion and indignation having become aroused, he finally went to Brooklyn to investigate for himself, with the result that, as he expected, he had been taxed for *extensive* and *expensive* "improvements" in the line of water mains, sewers, gas, pipes and the like, most of which *had never been made*. Endurance was no longer a virtue. He appeared at headquarters of the department of city service represented, and I venture to say that this august body of public functionaries never received a more unique and scathing denunciation. In his report of the interview his climactic exclamation was to this effect: "*I never said that I wished the entire government of the city of Brooklyn was sunk in the bottomless Pit! I never said so!*"

Your grandfather's practice extended, as I have said, over many miles, up and down the Penobscot river. The town of Bucksport, eighteen miles below Brewer, was the home of my uncle, Enoch Fessenden and Alpheus Page, my cousin, who were partners in medical practice. And so it came about, that the old doctor and the young, found themselves *neighbors* in the matter of patients. One day, riding in the town of Orrington, nine miles away, father stopped his horse at the signal of a man by the roadside, who saluted him and then said, "Doctor, you remember my wife, who was sick at such and such a time?" Father could not recall the circumstances. Again and again the man tried to freshen his memory, but in vain. Father soon perceived that he had been mistaken for his nephew, who, though much his junior, resembled him very much.

At last, in answer to the man's impatient, almost indignant insistence upon his point, your grandfather replied, "I am sorry to say that I know nothing *good* of her!" After enjoying the husband's rising wrath for a moment, he hastened to calm the tempest by the information that he was not Dr. Alpheus, but his uncle.

Twelve miles above Bangor there is an Indian reservation. It is a picturesque island in the Penobscot river, belonging to the tribe of the same name. Quite a pleasant little village has grown up on this island. There are well

painted houses, gardens, trees and a church of the Catholic persuasion.

A row across from the mainland at Oldtown to the "Indian Island," in a birchen canoe, is a unique and pretty trip, for here the river broadens into almost a lake. At certain times of the year, the men and women from this settlement make trips to outlying towns and cities, encamping for a week or two in a place wherever they find sale for their wares, baskets, beadwork and the like, appearing sometimes at the railroad stations or the doors of private houses with their merchandise. Upon one of these occasions they set up their tents about a mile from your grandfather's. One evening, word came that somebody was ill at the camp, and the doctor was desired to come to his help. So forth he started. When he reached the cluster of tents, silence and darkness reigned. He tried to rouse the inmates, but without effect. At last the absurdity of the situation came over him, and raising his voice he shouted, in an improvised gibberish that had a little sound of Indian dialect, but was of course utterly devoid of significance. (It is impossible to report, but was really quite musical and *soundable* as he gave it.) At last there was a stir somewhere among the tents, and a man's voice was heard, declaring with an oath, "That is no language at all!" Finding that his reception bade fair to require explanation, Father concluded to slip away in the darkness, and leave the patient for whom he had been hunting, to the care of some other doctor. What the explanation of his harangue could have been, in the minds of his audience, it is difficult to understand. Perhaps it might be expressed in the saying of some old Fryeburg character, who in times of bewilderment or uncertainty was apt to declare, "Sometimes *I think*, and then again *I don't know!*"

One word, used, as I remember by an Indian, to indicate his stomach, has come down in family tradition, so that the mention of the "Wampit" is as soberly accepted as its English prototype. Whether it had its origin among the Penobscot or Pequocket tribes I do not know—the last mentioned being the tribe which belonged to the Fryeburg section of country.

Father held very decided tastes, and upon occasion did not hesitate to express them. When the fashion of painting houses in a variety of colors, first came into vogue, he disap-

proved of the innovation, which in *his* opinion was a satire upon good taste. One day, when walking in Chelsea, he passed a house, the combination of whose colors displeased him. Mounting the steps, he rang the bell, and asked for the lady of the house. The maid showed him into the parlor and presently the mistress appeared.

Father rose, and greeting the lady politely, added, "I called, Madame, to ask if it would not be possible to add *one* more color to your house!" What the lady replied, I do not remember, but am sure she must have considered her caller the victim of a *temporary*, if not *permanent*, insanity. However, as usual, the upshot of this extraordinary procedure was a very pleasant call, with a much amused and amiable woman.

Cousin Laura Chase tells of a funny episode which happened at Chelsea. It was while Father was having an afflictive time with his false teeth, which worried him greatly. One morning at family prayers he suddenly paused in his Scripture reading, laid down his bible and went out into the dining room. Presently his voice was heard in soliloquy: "I don't know what to do. I *look* like a fool *without* them, and I *feel* like a fool *with* them!"

Then there was a little silence, when father returned to the parlor and, without a comment, resumed his reading of the Scripture to an audience convulsed inwardly, if not outwardly, with laughter!

Evidently, father's experience with these substitutes for his original masticators was of no *passing* discomfort. Within the last year, my sister Annie finds in one of her letters a brief but emphatic statement to this effect. After a long epistle full of his anxiety relative to a matter of family interest, he closes the same with the following abrupt statement, suddenly suggested, we may believe, by an inconvenience which would no longer be silenced: "My teeth turn topsy-turvy when I eat and drop when I sleep. If I could take them out when I eat and sleep, I think I might be able to endure them!"

I must not forget to memorialize your grandfather's *one* poetic flight, concerning which he enjoyed telling us. This poem was written, he said, upon the inside of an ancient "singing book" cover, and it was devoted to the praise of "the staff of life." He could remember but one verse of this

effusion, which grew upon him as he proceeded, and when he recited it he was wont to call attention to the sudden increase of "quantity" in the third line. This is the stanza:

Our sustenance is bread,
By which we're daily fed,
'Twas given to encourage the farmer's toil,
For to cultivate the soil.

It was as "host" that your grandfather's genial self shone forth and he had long and ample opportunity for thus shining. Most delightful memories are mine of the Thanksgiving gatherings in my Brewer home. From Oldtown and Bangor, from Buckport and Rockland and elsewhere they came, whoever could, to the "Old Brick." In Fryeburg and Conway the relatives gathered among themselves, the journey across the state of Maine precluding a meeting of the clan in any one locality for the observance of Thanksgiving. In my childhood, Christmas was not of universal celebration, as it now is, and Thanksgiving day was the grand outblossoming of the year in New England. Its celebration does not obtain in these later days as when the Nation was younger, when it was part and parcel of its life.

Oh, those days of the making ready! How full was the air of preparation. Its odors were abroad—mince-meat in the making; chickens and turkeys awaiting their end in pies, or fricassee, or roast, cranberries and apples, raisins and currants, spices and condiments, pumpkins and squashes, onions and potatoes, pickles and coffee—how the senses of sight and smell and taste joined force in delightful confusion. Everything was permeated by that vague yet pleasant sense of delights not yet realized, but on their way! Thus was Thanksgiving day heralded to three little girls of whom I wot, and to *multitudes* more, of whom I wot not!

Everybody was busy. Even *I* had an occasional hand at chopping mince-meat, and as frequent a tongue for sampling it as was permitted, when its fruity and aromatic breath ascended from the kettle wherein it slowly simmered to its perfection.

My mother was presiding genius in this "preparation" for the yearly feast, which was a matter of no light moment. Days were necessary thereto, and each, as we neared the great festival, grew fuller of import and expectation. Not

even the delightful odors of the closet in the "music-room," where the *preserves* (damsons and strawberry, in stone jars) and amber honey from your grandpa's fine hives in the garden, awakened such possible delights of flavor as the complex aroma associated with the yearly feast!

Pies! their number was legion, their variety great. Pies are distinctively a New England invocation! Otherwhere, one may partake of pies, in a limited way, but only in New England do they form an arch in the very temple of cookery! In many homes they constituted a part of the every-day breakfasts, but with us, the only *morning* meal to which they contributed, was that of Thanksgiving day, which, lacking them in at least four varieties as an after course to fried chicken and cranberry sauce, would have lost its suitable record.

But after all, dinner was the climax of the day's observance. As many as could be spared from the preparation therefor, were at liberty, if it so pleased them, to attend the morning service at the "meeting-house" overlooking the river. Without this public service of thanksgiving, the dear old anniversary would have lacked its highest and most fitting characteristic. In my childhood we were taught its significance and the circumstances which established it as a New England holiday. With this morning service we were not likely to forget the far-away time when famine threatened the Pilgrims and coming winter swept remorseless along the Atlantic coast. We knew that tear-dimmed eyes looked longingly out across the cold wilderness of the ocean to see at last the vessel which brought food and cheer from the mother country, turning their day of fasting to one of thanksgiving and joy. In these latter times we are near to forgetting how much the day means to the country. It were well if we remembered it better!

I can see my father when he welcomed the kin to the yearly feast. How much he enjoyed such a gathering! The long board, was generally over-full, so that we little folks sat at a small table in one corner of the dining-room, and were served from the grown folks' supply. "Little Meandy" Stanhope, our cousin, was one of "us children." She bears witness to this day, to the charm of those occasions. The mention of her name—"Meandy"—reminds me of father's habit in bestowing upon us names, which I am sure

were strictly original. He called me "Desmildedee," (hence the last abbreviation of "Dess," which has held by me, through my whole life,—ah! how few there are who know me by it, now!) My sister, Anna, was "Pipley-toona." This proving too much for her pronunciation, she called herself, "Pipley-Mookah," which had quite an Indian sound, and which, with its variations of "Pill," and "Pillings," became her possession. Sara, our baby, was "Miss Blessed," (abbreviated to "Miss Blet,") and "Tiptoe-teazer." Later we youngsters called her "Teddy," with sundry variations.

No one was apt to escape a soubriquet from Grandpa Page. Even my Uncle Enoch, as long as he lived, was "Ne-nuckle-norum," oftener abbreviated to "Ne," to which name he responded with perfect seriousness. The habit of Grandpa's boyhood, followed him. "Clullerbuss," the cow, and "Energy-pemedear," the dog, were followed in his later regard, by a splendid horse, which he yclept "Bucephalus," a name which was very appropriate. Later, another horse was needed, and "Bucephalene," came. A painful contrast to her coadjutor she was—thin and ungainly—and her name described her!

The thought of these horses, reminds me of "Dandie Dinmont," the water spaniel, who was the especial possession, my Butler children, of your mother. She was from her childhood, uncommonly fond of pets, and remains so to this day. Witness, as example, the long line of cats, that have lived happy and cherished lives under your own roof!

Knowing her love of animals, Uncle William Fessenden presented his little niece with this beauty of a dog—a brown, curly-haired puppy, which delighted her loving little heart, but lived to wound her affections by his evil manners. A beauty he was, I again declare, but alas! even the silky softness of his drooping ears, could not atone for the yellow-green glare of his demon eyes (no other word describes it), and beneath those bonny brown curls, beat as wretched a little heart as ever dwelt in forest or jungle.

No family ever tried harder to love a pet, than did ours, but from the hour of his arrival, he returned our indulgence, with duplicity and *savagery*. Nothing within his reach, escaped the grip of his pointed and glittering teeth. Any article within the compass of his strength, we might safely opine, had been torn to it's ruin, and then dragged by

Dandie to some remote and inaccessible hiding place. These same shining fangs were just as likely to find place in the leg of any unhappy child who was not old enough to defend itself. He was an unmitigated terror in the house, as among strangers. I remember his chasing me, once when I happened to be in the garden. In my fright, I armed myself with a handful of big English gooseberries, and walking backward, kept the rascal at bay, by throwing at him from time to time, a green missive, which his *pugnacity* could not decline seizing, and his *voracity* would not fail of devouring. In this way, I gained a little time, and at last reached shelter.

It was during a visit of my Cousin Miranda from Oldtown, that Dandie played upon us one of his most audacious tricks. To the occasional exchange of visits with this young cousin we looked forward with great interest. As the hour for her arrival approached I posted myself at the window in the upper front hall, which commanded the stretch of road leading to the long covered bridge connecting Brewer and Bangor. A figure *accompanying a bag*, was a pleasant sight to my expectant eyes. Then came the glad greeting, and the taking by storm of the garden, and the enchanted land which we dubbed "The Bushes" (and to which reference has been already made).

The hay loft, too, was a favorite resort. There were charming, irregular spaces and nooks where the hens had their nests. It was delightful to come suddenly upon one and carry its "hid treasure" to the house. Then the thrill of climbing the highest hay mow, whence we jumped into the soft bed of the stack below!

It was when we were perched upon one of these high hay mows, that one unhappy day, our ears caught the fateful bark which we knew so well. Dandie had found our hiding place. From the floor he "bearded" us in our den; our hay mow being too high for him to scale, and our hearts sank, for we would almost as soon have faced a lion as this furious little dog. Though at first the fix seemed rather romantic and we could imagine ourselves stranded on a desert island, he, watchful little creature, held us prisoners! Retreat was the last thing he meditated. But at last our release came. The bell had rung for dinner, but where were the children? So long a silence in the house was un-

usual, and the search for us began and ended at last in the barn chamber. To this day we elders animadvert to Dandie Dinmont and his elfin tricks.

But the time came when he could no longer be tolerated. He was not only a private torment but a public nuisance, and it was decided that he must go. Uncle Albion Page had been making us a visit and was about returning to Fryeburg. It was announced to "Pipley-Mookah" that Dandie must be given to Uncle A., since the neighborhood could no longer endure his presence. I think that even she was relieved at thought of his departure, but innocent souls that we were, we supposed that Dandie was to be presented to Uncle Albion ("all-a-one-a-gift," as some old character had it), and so would go with him to the farm in "Flydug" (my baby name for Fryeburg). It was not until long and long after, that we learned the tragic truth. After leaving the house, the poor beastie was consigned to a stout bag, laden with stones, and from a window of the bridge he was dropped into the swift, deep current of the Penobscot river! Alas, that "nothing in his life" should so have "become him as the leaving it!"

When we lived in Brewer, the condition of the public schools was of the poorest and all attempt at grading them proved unavailing. The intelligent portion of the citizens found themselves outvoted by a large constituency of those, to whose minds, *too much* "learning" seemed a dangerous thing. This opinion had a representative in one, Mr. Hiram Foss, who lived "down on the Flat," and who was heard to say that *he* did not intend to pay taxes for educating Dr. Page's children!" This remark had the virtue of strong conviction and was therefore sincere beyond question, but the withdrawal of this gentleman's support did not prove a quietus upon the school question!

From the weather-stained appearance of Mr. Foss' cottage, I am persuaded that it must have been his ancestral home, and a casual glance at it and its bit of yard would not suggest much help to the town treasury by the way of taxes, but unfortunately, as his attitude toward improved schools was that of many another impecunious voter, a deadlock was imposed upon all advance. Perhaps the fact that my father had given to the town the lot upon which stood the schoolhouse in our neighborhood, may have alarmed the

constituency of Mr. Foss. Certain it is that all schools of any account in the town were private, being supported by individual contributions.

When about fifteen, I was sent to Orange, New Jersey, where, for a year, I remained in the delightful family school of Rev. F. A. Adams. I think it was during this absence that my father and mother decided upon the leaving of our dear home for the locality of some desirable school which we children could attend and yet be with them. It was a somewhat heroic resolve—the sale of our home, the leaving behind of a comfortable medical practice, the search for an-



AT LASELL SEMINARY.

other, and all, because the best educational good of their three children seemed to demand the sacrifice. Just here I must mention one incident connected with our departure from Brewer which brings out a characteristic in your grandpa that seems to me unusual. He had made inquiries in Andover, Mass., and there seemed to be an opening for another doctor in that academic town, the field being very large for the physicians already established there. Abbott Academy was a desirable school for girls, and it was decided that Anna and I should begin our work there, leaving the rest of the family to follow later.

Everything progressed favorably, but before the first quarter at school had passed it was in some way brought to Father's ears that one of the Andover M. D.s was much concerned that he, Dr. Page, was contemplating this move. It

needed but this hint. It was not in his heart to mar the peace of mind of any brother practitioner. The result of this piece of information was our removal, *not* to Andover, but to Auburndale, Mass., in 1857, where we made a delightful sojourn until our school days at Lasell Seminary were ended—I teaching in the school during the last year that my sisters were there as scholars.

This work being accomplished, we removed to the home in Chelsea, Mass., from whence, one by one, the trio of daughters went to the new homes, which year after year are making the world over.

Old Massachusetts claims all you grandchildren as her sons and daughters (as did Maine, your mothers) and you, Butler and Wilder children, still tarry in the old Bay State, but the Reeds came to Milwaukee in 1876, and may, after twenty-seven years residence, be termed "the Western



"SWEET ANNE PAGE."



"SAE —"

Branch" of the Page household, though their hearts beat warm and true for old New England.

It is pleasant to think how many times your grandpa and grandma came to this Milwaukee home. So well indeed did they come to know our church people that they felt wonderfully at home among them.

No chronicle of my father would be complete without a mention of the Revere hill, upon whose slope lay the acres, beautiful and verdant, which were at once his delight and his keen anxiety. The "decree" which he recognized as or-

daining that he "should never be rich," seemed equally operative in keeping him "land poor," since the depression in real estate during the many years after this property came into his ownership, held a deadlock upon its sale, and kept the dear man in an intermittent fever of hope and worry.

His great desire, as far as things material were concerned, lay in the possible sale of this land before he should leave this world. And the most active participator in this care and responsibility was your father, O, my Butlers! If a record of the journeys northward from the "house of Tudor" had been kept, it would outline a crusade of surprising total. Alone, with patient feet, Father measured the way to "the hill," up and back. Alone, with stronger tread, journeyed brother William. Together, they made innumerable pilgrimages on errands divers and urgent. Possible buyers visited it in their company; surveyors measured and remeasured it; public institutions regarded it with a wistful eye; tenants of its one poor dwelling made William's life a weariness; boys battered its windows and rifled its water pipes; the pugilistic instincts of the neighborhood produced strained relations between the occupants of the upper and lower flats, and occasionally some tenant, agreeably to his own pecuniary convenience, decided to move, leaving his rent unpaid! Winthrop, too, entered into these severe labors, but what Grandpa could have done without brother William's forethought, care and labor, especially during his last years, I do not know. Or how we two "lorn" women could have kept track of the petty perplexities in Revere, after Grandpa left us, without the same oversight, we are equally ignorant.

We had long known this Revere property as "Jumbo," but at last, *at last*, the hour of his sale came and "the Elephant," save a few of his trappings, passed into the charge of other keepers. One of our greatest reasons for gratitude in this fact, is that this sale was effected while yet your grandfather could rejoice in the realization of his long deferred hope!

My father's record of health was remarkable. I have heard him say that during his more than twenty years in Brewer, he had never been detained from his patients for more than twenty-four hours consecutively, because of his own illness. Both his health and Mother's were uncom-

mon. Until her last illness, I remember but one sickness, a low fever, which sent my mother to her bed.

When, of later years, someone asked your grandpa if his children inherited rheumatism from him, he replied that he *apparently* inherited it from *them*, as he had no touch of it until long after *they* developed it!

But when he was, I think, about or past seventy, he had a severe attack of acute neuralgia, which caused him extreme suffering and was hard to subdue. It did finally yield to heroic treatment after weeks of pain and he never afterwards had any return of the trouble and suffered only from the rheumatism which almost always attends extreme old age.

It was after this siege with neuralgia that he declared it to have been a great revelation, adding that because of his uniformly vigorous health hitherto, he had never realized or understood the *power* of physical pain. His sympathies, he said, had always been more taxed by the mental and spiritual suffering of his fellowmen, than by their *bodily* ills, though his life had been devoted to the effort to relieve the latter. This sickness, however, opened his understanding to the possibilities of bodily suffering.

During the last years of his earthly life his hearing grew dull and this was a great trial to him. He accepted the inevitable as gracefully as he might and told stories at his own expense, regarding the blunders that deafness brought in its train.

He sometimes appropriated the story of the deaf man, who when sympathized with upon his affliction, was wont to reply, "I don't know—I've heard about enough of the *non-sense* of this world!"

Many a time in this connection, he told the tale of a neighboring minister in the very early days—one Dr. Porter, who at the wedding of his daughter, being engaged in conversation with the father of the groom (and being depressed in view of his daughter's departure from beneath his roof), made an exclamation indicative of his feeling. The other gentleman, being afflicted with deafness, failed to catch his remark. "What did you say, brother Porter?" he inquired. "Oh, I only said, O dear suz hum!" shouted the good minister. Father's application of the story to his own occasional blunders in attempting to ascertain the drift of

conversation, is evident. "Sometimes," he said, "I catch a word here and there, which indicates that the subject is of interest and perhaps I ask a question which I think is in line with the conversation, whereupon people regard me with a surprise which seems to say, *"Who are you, that you think everybody is talking to you?"* Father's way of putting the case was very funny to be sure, but it was also very pathetic.

This old Dr. Porter, by the way, was quite a character in his time. He it was, who, having sat up late of a Saturday evening to finish, by the light of a pine knot, his Sunday sermon, beheld his manuscript suddenly lifted by a flurry of wind into the fire that blazed in the big chimney, where it speedily went up in flame. Tradition has it, that the old gentleman contemplated the catastrophe and then bursting into a hearty laugh exclaimed, "Well, I guess you will give about as much light there as any where!"

How curiously the ancient times return to us and along the lines of our own association! A few weeks since I noted the above anecdote of Doctor Porter, as told by my father. To-day (September 1, 1903) I clip from last week's "Congregationalist" (Boston) the following facts concerning this same Doctor Porter, and my own great grandsire, Rev. William Fessenden.

Among the towns celebrating "Old Home Week" in New Hampshire, this year, is Conway. In his address, Dr. Merri-
man makes the following statement:

"In 1773 the first meeting house was built, and Rev. Nathaniel Porter, friend of Adams and Washington, became the first settled pastor in 1778."

Dr. Merri-
man reviewed the history of the founding of the church under the hands of Rev. Mr. Fessenden, of Fryeburg, and traced the story of the four meeting houses and the eleven men who in them taught and inspired and led the people to this day. Seven of the pastors have been settled by council and three served long: Dr. Porter for fifty-eight years in all, forty-six of them alone.

In looking over some old letters, I came upon one written to my Uncle Caleb and Aunt Abby Fessenden, soon after the sale of our first home in Chelsea, the house on Walnut Street. This was after my marriage, when my two sisters were teaching in Chelsea and were boarding with Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lovejoy (as heretofore noted). Father and

Mother also boarded on Chestnut Street, until they rented Captain Atwood's house on Clark Avenue, and so gathered the family together again, where it remained, until the purchase of the Tudor Street home.

This letter, describing, in Father's unique way, the unsettled domestic affairs of the family, is so characteristic that I copy it here:

CHELSEA, April 19th, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER:—As to my health, it is rather better than I expect it will be, on an average, while I live; so of Anne, but of the children, perhaps no better than an average, as we may hope.

As to fixedness of purpose, I am wholly fixed in unfixedness and this is as you know, a fix unlike any other fix in which I have been fixed since I first became fixed among the fixtures of home.

As to liberty, I find that while I have been bargaining for the liberty of others, I have obtained a great liberty for myself—a liberty as great as that of Noah's dove, a liberty of going every whither, without a place on which to rest the soles of my feet (say *eight* of them, reckoning me and mine), but alas! *without* the liberty of returning to my ark when weary of my wanderings!

As to my future whereabouts, I propose from some central point to scatter my family to the four winds of Heaven, with the injunction not to return to me very suddenly (not until I can get an ark) if they can find any place where they can pluck an olive branch!

As to privileges, I hardly know how to make the most of them, in depositing my family among their friends. Say one month with you, one month with Alpheus and Enoch, one month with Charles, one month in Brewer and Bangor, one month in Portland and Brunswick and Buxton, one month in Orange, one month in Conway, one month in Fryeburg, one month in Oldtown—say, in all, *ten months!*

If I had even the *hulk* of an old ark I should prefer having them with me, but as it is, I must "make virtue of necessity." * * * I send my love, and the others say they send theirs also. Of their sincerity you must judge.

Yours, etc.

H. N. PAGE.

It was during one of the visits in Milwaukee that I gave my father a surprise which quite overwhelmed him. I had written a "rhymetry" about "Grandpapa" which appeared in the Chicago Advance, and thinking to have a little amusement out of the matter, I said to him one day as he lay on the lounge, "Father, I have something here that I would like to read to you."

He assenting, I began. He listened placidly to the few first lines, but gradually his consciousness became stirred, and finally, as his suspicion became a certainty, that *he* was the "Grandpapa" under consideration, he jumped from the sofa, exclaiming, "Good gracious!" while your grandma, touched, I suppose by tender old memories which the words had aroused, sat by with tears in her eyes, as he protested vehemently against such a setting forth of his unworthy self!

I find that I have dwelt upon the humorous side of my father's character, to the neglect of the deeper, stronger elements which were as surely his. And so, as these verses to which I have referred, express what I would say in this direction I copy them here for his descendants:

GRANDPAPA.

I do so wish that you knew him!
Now do not smile and say
That a hundred nice old gentlemen
One meets on the street each day.
Reserve your judgment, I pray you,
Until you have chanced so far,
As to see the lovely silver head,
Of my children's grandpapa!
Yet as I try to sketch him,
My eyes grow dim with tears,
And somehow the seasons grow few and short
Of my nearly forty years.
I seem again the little girl
So full of life and fun
Whose happy days seemed all too short
When sank the summer sun.
I think of the stories my mother tells
Of the handsome, brave young lad
Who took the part of the young and weak

And made the sad hearts glad.
So when she speaks of the curly head
And the cheeks like an apple bloom,
And his merry eyes—I am pretty sure
Her heart gave him early room.
Thus when the brave young doctor came
To seek for her heart and hand,
She needed no oracle to prove
Her hero true and grand.

Nor less a hero has he proved,
That all his valiant deeds
Were wrought in unheroic paths
Of suffering nature's needs.
The midnight ride through blinding snows
Over the hills of Maine—
The patient watch by suffering beds
The soothing draught for pain,—
The service of the poor were his,
Are his, in truth, to-day,
Who served them two-score active years,
And sought but love as pay!
His was a wider ministry,
For every sin-sick soul
He strove to win unto the Lord
To make it clean and whole—

Genial and humorous, broad of heart
And sharp at repartee,
Yet he's a staunch old Puritan
As any one may see—
Quick as a flame, and strong, his words
All public wrong condemn,
But broad his charity which falls
On *single sinning* men!
Still as of old, the champion true
Of every thing oppressed,
Yet with a hearty hate of strife
And love of peace, possessed.

Thank God, old age has left undimmed
And active as of yore,
The mind, which reckoning mortal years,

But eight lacks of fourscore!
Time closes, with a gradual touch,
The portal of ear-gate;
We pray him at the other four
His coming may be late.
Yet, as with softened flow, the tide
Of rushing life he hears,
The sweeter heavenly sounds instead
Break on his inner ears.
Small is his loss, that babble vain
Fails to his waiting sense
Since larger thought and judgment calm
Are his, as recompense.
Still on the Sabbath eve he sings
With heart and voice in tune,
And his untired devotion finds
The hour has passed too soon.

We who so love and honor him,
Hold them his fitting due,
The names in youth accorded him
By friends long-tried and true,—
One the "beloved physician" greets,
And one says, "When I die,
Be thine the hand, 'Nathaniel,'
To close my fading eye!"
We hold him worthy of such speech,
But he aghast attends,
And marvels that his treacherous heart
Has so mislead his friends;
This publican of publicans,
For others strong of faith,
Holds it a miracle of grace,
If *he* salvation hath.
This dear disciple, fifty years
Treading his Master's way,
Fears, lest from "height of privilege"
He fall, a cast-away.

Ah, well! We know not all the joy
The Lord holds for His own,
But well I think a tenderer "light"

Is for the righteous sown,
Who do with self-distrust their work,
And wake in blest surprise,
That feeblest service in his name,
Is reckoned in the skies!

* * * * *

I meant when I thought to sketch him,
To tell how the children share
The love and honor we elders feel
For his shining silver hair;
I meant to tell of the boyish heart
The years have brought along
That joins in the children's merry games,
And smiles at their happy song;
But I find instead, I have told the tale
Of *my Father*, not Grandpapa,
And a longer story it proves to be,
Than I *thought* to write, by far,
So friends, if weary, lay the blame
To a daughter's loving whim,
And never tell the dear meek man,
That she *dared* write thus of him!

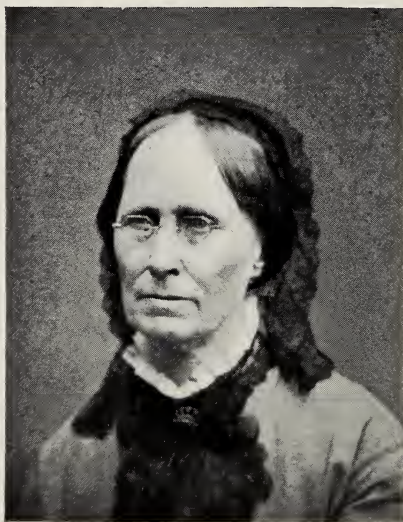
VIII

THE LAST OF THE CHRONICLE

Shall I ever forget the last time I heard my mother sing! It was toward the end of her weary way that, as she lay on the lounge one afternoon, she suddenly began to sing one of her old songs.

“When twilight dews are falling fast.”

Her voice was true, but oh, the pathos, the feebleness of it! I, in the other room, listened with an ache in my



MOTHER'S LAST PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN AT SIXTY-THREE.

throat and a covetous longing to hold every note in my memory, for I could but feel that with her this was the *last*

song on earth! Not many days thereafter, we laid the worn tent of her mortality under the green coverlet of Forest Home, Milwaukee. Uncle James and Aunt Lucia Merrill stopped with us for a call, on their way home from James and Louise in Davenport, and finding Mother very ill, stayed with us until she had entered into rest.

The last thing she said regarding the end of her journey (which she recognized as near at hand) was in a talk with Uncle James, when she responded to some remark of his: "I trust the strong, underlying Arms will carry me safely through." To what safer keeping could she trust her departing spirit?

At sunset on a Sunday, under a sky glorious as "the gates ajar," the house of her nearly sixty-nine years occupancy was laid to rest—"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away!"

A little more than thirteen years ran their circuit, before Father's dust was gathered to its place beside her's. Of all the loneliness that these years held for him who can know? He said one day after Mother went, "I am a ship without a rudder." He was indeed *lost* without her, who for forty-three years walked "the long path" with him. Thereafter, his life was spent in Chelsea and Milwaukee, between which localities he went and came, with frequent little journeys to his "little Miss Blet" in Winchester (and later, in Newton), whose long years of suffering lay like a shadow upon his and all our souls. About two years and a half before he went to Heaven, her deliverance came.

I do not think that the going was to her thought a more dreadful thing than the stepping from one room into another. She had such a healthful natural spiritual outlook. "Why," she said to me one day when we had been having a quiet little talk on the "real things," "dying is just as natural a thing as *being born*," and she serenely accepted God's will when it became evident that she was to leave the husband and children whom she loved with all the strength of her loyal soul.

"If it *could* have been, I wish I might have lived to see my little girls grown up and settled in life," she said, but this was not to be.

When the end neared and her *voice* could not assure me, her eyes, blue and serene with heavenly calm,

looked steadfastly into mine, and she moved her head in assent, as I whispered, "It is all peace with you, dear?" "Oh, if I can only *sleep* into glory," she had said, and her desire was granted, for her spirit went so gently that we could have "thought her dying when she slept, and sleeping when she died."

Since the family was boarding in Newton at this time, she desired her funeral service to be at her old Chelsea home, and so from the room whence she went forth a bride with her devoted husband and *our* dear son and brother. Herbert, her feet were turned on this last journey to the shadows of Woodlawn, where "beneath the low green tent whose curtain never outward swings" we laid away the worn tabernacle of her mortality. Cousin James Merrill met with us that bright May afternoon. I am sure that could she have known, she would have been glad that *his* words of prayer and thanksgiving for her heroic spirit and her blessed release, brought *us* consolation from her God and ours.

Several months before, she had directed her husband to a certain drawer where he found her testimony to "the faith that was in" her. In her silent presence, that afternoon, Cousin James read this testimony to the dear circle who had come to say "good-bye," and this is her last word to them:

*"More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!"*

And it has come—

Through racking pain, and loneliness untold,
That loneliness in which one stands engirt,
Where dearest friend can never enter in,
Though love surrounds us just without the wall,—
A love so yearning it would bear it all.
Our isolate souls, which cannot tell their woes
To those who only see, but cannot feel,
Grove in the dark for the all-knowing Heart,
Whom earthly limitation toucheth not:—
Who knows the body's rack, the spirit crushed,
The narrowing prospect met from day to day—
And groping, gain the consciousness
Of one strong hand stretched to our longing grasp,

Of one attentive ear which never tires,
But listens to our story patiently,—
But best of all, of an encircling Love
Which warms and lightens the drear atmosphere
In which our changeless days go on and on:—
And taking courage to our weary hearts,
Begging He tarry long—most gracious company—
We start anew upon our weary round
Bearing the burden of our fettered life,
Shared now by His dear shoulder, kindly bent.
What wonder then that love, once cold and dead,
Should seem more like a passion in our hearts,
And longingly we look to that blest day
When earth and tears, and palsying pain forgot,
We cast ourselves adoring at His feet!

—Sara B. Wilder.



AT EIGHTY-SIX.

A week or two later I returned West, Father accompanying me, upon what proved to be his last journey from home

and Massachusetts. His eighty-sixth birthday came to him in Milwaukee and he went down town and sat for photographs which proved very satisfactory. Up to this time, although gradually growing feeble in body, he was *mentally* my own dear father, a lovely and beloved presence in our home, though homesick for those who had gone. Again and again he declared, "You have no idea what a *lonely* thing it is to have outlived your generation!"

Largely shut out from conversation (which he so much enjoyed) by his deafness, he solaced himself with reading. (I think it was during the first of his two last years that he re-read Motley's Dutch Republic.) His interest in the well-being of the world and all the great questions of the day continued; though gradually his hold on outside life relaxed as the months went on. His walks in the neighborhood shortened by degrees, until he, who had always been such a foot-traveler, wearied of the walk back and forth in front of the house! Still, at eighty-five, he sang with us on Sunday afternoons, when we gathered about the piano, the old familiar tunes that he had loved for so many years. His tenor was as true and sweet as ever; though *so* feeble! It brought back mother's last songs, and the tears along with the memory!

It was beautiful to see the tender care which my husband had for your grandpa, who, as life grew circumscribed and feeble, grew more and more dependent upon his strong arm and interested attention, turning to him instinctively for help when help was needed. My children will remember how Grandpa watched for his home-coming as the afternoon waned. So often he would turn to me with the question, "Isn't Charles rather *late* to-night?" or, "Isn't it about time for Charles to come home?" And when "Charles" came in with his cheery greeting, Father would brighten and smile, wakening to interest in any word that he brought from the outside world of men and events.

Thus did the loving kindness of years, blossom into it's reward of love and gratitude, in all possible service to the blessed saint in the time of his need when "heart and flesh" were failing. His many visits in Milwaukee kept my children in growing acquaintance with their grandpa. It goes without saying that he *lives* with them a revered and be-

loved memory. It is a great loss to any child when he cannot remember his grandparents, and has not had a real, loving acquaintance with them. "It is a very *short step* between my children and grandchildren," Father said to a friend one day. And since my own sweet grand-babies have come, I understand what he meant. I have often thought how interested he and Mother would have been, in William's new home, in their new grand-daughter Virginia, and their *first* great-grandchildren. Doubtless Father would have found his own names for them all. "The Esquire's" babies would not have been passed by, even in this regard, you may be sure, any more than *their* father, or Winthrop Butler, who was his grandfather's "Mister." His life long habit would have continued "even unto the third generation!"

And so gradually, the patriarch's natural life waned, and with its ebb, came also the clouding of his mental faculties, which, at first, he himself recognized, poor soul! Fortunately this consciousness did not long continue. The machinery active for eighty-seven years, was fast running down, and yet, now and then, his mind would brighten as some association of his youth reminded him of those far-away days.

Your mother, my Butler children, came to Milwaukee and together we watched him—as beautiful a picture of old age, with his fair face and pink cheeks, silver hair and pleasant eyes and smile, as we ever beheld, but as she said, "It is not *our father!*" Not long before the end came, he exclaimed, "I want to see your mother and Sae—and Christ!" He, too, slept his soul away, and on September 16th, 1893, was "clothed upon with" his "house which is from Heaven!"

The circle narrows. As I sit on our porch, my own Milwaukee children, I see the wild things *he* brought from the woods, the vines he planted and the flowers of which he was so fond. They grow fresh and beautiful, but the faithful hands that tended them are folded in their last rest, for your father no longer watches them.

When we think of his suffering, which we could not relieve, we can but give thanks that at last his tired heart rests and he breathes freely.

Even yet, I have not forgotten the habit of watching for his coming and his chair stands by his accustomed window, as if expectant of its occupant.

How full he was of interest in all family occasions and how ready to contribute by verse or sentiment or game to the festivities of Thanksgiving or Christmas! How merry he was upon occasion when he revolted against our repeated demand for original verses, declaring that we seemed to think it his easy act "to turn the faucet" of rhyme, for the proposed jingle! Birthdays, he always remembered, and for many years he chronicled each of his own with a characteristic rhyme. The last—how pathetic it was, for he was then very ill. One of the great pleasures of the last years was his little grandchildren. Philip and the new baby "Willie" will not remember their grandpa, but "Anna Perley" will, I think, carry a recollection of him as she grows up. She will remember "Walking Spanish" and the *pillow games*.

Almost the last words that passed his lips on earth, were of these little children. The nurse said to him, "Your little grandchildren come over to see you?" "Oh, yes, they come quite often." "They are dear little children, aren't they?" "They are *delightful* little children," he replied in the old, interested, cordial tone. This was about an hour before he went. On a beautiful June day, under a wealth of flowers, from many friends, we laid away his dust, near that of your grandfather and grandmother Page. A tender memorial from the Sunday School touched our hearts when it came to us, a few days later, and his class of more than 25 years, representing a large constituency of men and women, bear frequent witness to their love and remembrance. But most of all, do the Milwaukee *poor* miss him, whose unforgetting friend he was, for nearly thirty years.

You remember how he dubbed himself "the pack horse" and "the old clothes man," and how we called him "Mr. Frellson's assistant, (The Superintendent of our City Charities) *minus* a salary! And we cannot forget how this Sunday School class for all those years, constituted itself a private "bureau of charities," which were distributed by your father, he bringing his reports to class every quarter and reading them aloud.

I wonder what work he found awaiting him in the other country! Surely he meets no sick or friendless or poor people, who need his service, but I can hardly think

of him as *quite* happy, even in Heaven, without such ministry. Surely he has received its equivalent from His lips who declared:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me!"

My own sister Annie! How much easier it is to *write* of those who have gone from our mortal vision than of those who yet look into our eyes and answer our thought by tongue or pen!

And yet, why, in *real reason*, should this be so? As has been so many times suggested, *why* should we keep our words of tenderness concerning our beloved, until their ears can no longer hear them?

You and I, my little sister, hold in common how many memories of more than half a century!

Many of these, are the possession of *only* ourselves. We two, the last of our generation in our "father's house," are bound by a sweet and sacred tie that binds no *other two* human beings, and the faithful love still *holds*, that since our little childhood, has "grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength" until this time of our gray hairs.

My thought of your early self-control, your "sweet reasonableness," your dutiful subjection to rightful authority, has simply merged itself in the *later* realization of your faith and courage in meeting all that time has brought to you through these years. The devoted love of your married life, the help of your children, the refuge of home, have light-ended your physical disabilities, as only such blessings can, but besides these, you have needed and you have found the sure consolations of "the eternal verities" revealed by the divine Lord, "our elder Brother."

One father and one mother of the children for whom this story is written, have gone. It is difficult for us to say all that is in our hearts of Herbert, our brother beloved, and this the more, that he shrinks from any mention of the loving kindness which he has always shown us, who were near and dear to her that has gone. So, too, we pause in mention of William, whose kindly sympathy and help are never wanting, because we know that he holds in lightest estimation

his long service to the sick and sorrowing, to which so large a company bear grateful testimony. He has proven through a long apprenticeship to pain, his especial fitness for such ministry and even now his reward has come in the love which his invalidism of the late years has evoked.

You, my dear brothers, as do Annie and I, wait, with faces turned toward the West and the setting sun.

Yet, as we near "the Bar," we see, do we not, the shining of the harbor lights, and for *us*, as for those *other selves, our children* and our *children's children*, abides the promise:

"Because *I* live, ye shall live also!"

My Cousin, Dr. Allan Shirley, of East Bridgewater, Mass., who is greatly interested in the family genealogy, sends me the following facts regarding my great-grandfather, David Page.

This information comes too late for insertion in the chapter of this book, which has to do with the Pages. It therefore finds record as a "note."

In the Revolutionary Rolls of New Hampshire, Maine Historical Magazine, Vol. 9, appears the following record:

"David Page, Conway, N. H., 1737-1812. Member of the Committee of Safety, 1775. Member of the House of Representatives, 1780-1782. While serving as legislator in 1781, was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Nineteenth Regiment of Militia, for defense of the Northern frontier; was actively employed as a mustering officer."

Any descendant of a member of the "Committee of Safety" (which was organized *before* the Revolutionary war), may become "a Son of the American Revolution."

But Great-grandsire David has handed down to us, yet greater honors. I have mentioned in this chronicle that he, with others of the seven men who settled "Seven Lots," (now Fryeburg), fought in the French war, Great-grandfather receiving a wound in the leg. It appears that this occurred during one of the lake fights, he being one of "Rogers Rangers," and participating in their daring exploits.

His record, not only admits his descendants to membership in "The Sons of the American Revolution," but also to membership in "The Sons of the Colonial Wars," a still more exclusive organization, because fewer are eligible thereto.

R. P. R. —

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LORING
SHORT
&
HARMON
BOOKSELLERS
&
STATIONERS
PORTLAND,
ME.

